



AFTER STEINLE.

Joan of Arc.

The
Maid of Orleans,

A Romantic Tragedy.

Translated from the German

of

Friederich von Schiller.



LONDON
JAMES BURNS

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Characters.

CHARLES VII., *King of France.*

QUEEN ISABEL, *his Mother.*

AGNES SOREL.

PHILIP THE GOOD, *Duke of Burgundy.*

COUNT DUNOIS, *Bastard of Orleans.*

LA HIRE, } *Officers of the King.*
DU CHÂTEL, }

ARCHBISHOP OF RHEIMS.

CHATILLON, *a Knight of Burgundy.*

RAOUL, *a Knight of Lorraine.*

TALBOT, *General of the English forces.*

LIONEL, } *English Commanders.*
FASTOLF, }

MONTGOMERY, *a Welshman.*

COUNCILLORS OF ORLEANS.

AN ENGLISH HERALD.

THIBAUT D'ARC, *a rich Yeoman.*

MARGOT, } *his Daughters.*
LOUISON, }
JOANNA, }

ETIENNE, } *their Suitors.*
CLAUDE MARIE, }
RAYMOND, }

BERTRAND, *a Yeoman.*

Apparition of a Black Knight.

Charcoal-burner and his Wife and Son.

Bishops, Monks, Officers, Soldiers, Marshals, Magistrates, Courtiers, &c. in the Coronation-procession.

TO
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE ALBERT OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA,
K.G., &c. &c. &c.

SIR,

IN soliciting the gracious permission, so obligingly granted me, of dedicating these pages to your Royal Highness, I have not been insensible of the unworthiness of the attempt which I am allowed the honour of offering to your Royal Highness's acceptance.

My motive alone can excuse the execution of my task. By placing before my countrymen a very faint idea of one of Schiller's purest and noblest conceptions, I have sought to contribute my small proportion towards the purification, and (I hope) even instruction, of the popular mind; to familiarise it with the intellect, and excite it to study the language, of your Royal Highness's great Fatherland; a country which every patriot Englishman must delight to honour, as the land, too, of *his* fathers, the source of the largest and most expressive portion of his own tongue, and the cradle of the best institutions that guard the hearths of Englishmen.

With these views, and in the hope that your Royal Highness may long and happily live in the affections of Englishmen and Germans, this little volume is most respectfully presented by

Your Royal Highness's

Most obliged and obedient servant,

HENRY THOMPSON.

Day after day, the sun
Shine bright and clear
On the mountains high
And the valleys low
The birds sing sweetly
And the flowers bloom
And the children play
In the fields of green
And the old men sit
Under the big trees
And the young men fight
For the freedom of their land

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DREAMS ! best realities of earth !¹ (for Life
Hath nought that glads us more, or cheats us less)
Blest love, that gave you, on this field of strife,
To clothe our tented slumbers in excess
Of light and beauty ; 'mid the wilderness
Make lorn Maturity's dry cup run o'er
With Childhood's bliss, and trust, and tenderness ;
Recal the imparadised, the estranged restore,
And in death-wounded hearts Heaven's sweet nepenthe² pour !

Duty and Faith for guide and stay were given,
And ye for renovation. Ye, like those,
Are ministers and progeny of Heaven.
Duty's worn limbs ye bathe in cool repose,
And Faith's o'erstrained eye in healing close,
And send them vigorous to their works again :
Duty to urge his tasks, or bear his woes,
And Faith to cheer the toil or soothe the pain,
Pointing from griefs that fade to glories that remain.

Ye were Earth's angel-teachers in her youth ;
In Memphian dungeon, in Chaldean bower,
On Syrian plain, whate'er ye spake was sooth ;
And though, in this her cold and age-worn hour,
To you no longer be vouchsafed such power,
Yet still your primal love ye constant keep,
And when with you 'mid bodiless space we tower,
Vain though its cause, our joy is true and deep :
They slumber oft to smile who would awake to weep.

¹ " Reality to them a dream,
And dreams their best reality."

German Ballads. Burns, 1845.

The line in the text was written (and printed) without recollection of the above.

² See *Faery Queen*, IV. iii. 43-45 ; and *Odyss.* Δ. 220, seqq.

And, though not now your mission to unfold
 Heaven's volume of high truths and days unborn,
 Yet not for blank illusion all I hold
 That ye disclose: still opes the Gate of Horn,¹
 Whence issuing in the dead birth-hour of Morn²
 Lore ye discourse beyond terrestrial things,
 Or to lone mourners, self-misdeem'd forlorn,
 From far-off lands bring living communings
 Of souls whose thoughts take flight on your world-sweeping
 wings.

Then kindly judge, ye wise, the o'erlabour'd mind
 That wrings the moment from the serious day,
 And with the mighty dreamers of his kind
 To visionary regions bursts away,
 Through emerald meads where diamond waters play,
 'Neath sunlight that would blind unslumbering eye,
 'Mid forms and hues no waking lips may say,
 Peak, forest, terrace, tower, upcrowding high,
 Till lost in argent blaze of one all-mingling sky.

And, save some matchless spirits of our land,
 Who have so gloriously dreamed as ye,
 Lords of high Phantasy's creative wand,
 Imperial sons of thoughtful Germany?
 Mother of my loved motherland! to thee
 In boyish hours my bounding heart would turn,
 Long ere thy bold tongue's manly melody
 Rolled on this ear articulate, sweet as stern,
 Exhaustless, surging high with thoughts that live and burn.

¹ "Sunt geminae Somni portae; quarum altera fertur
 Cornea, quâ veris facilis datur exitus umbris," &c.

Æn. vi. 894; *vid. et Odyss.* T. 562, seqq.

² "Post mediam noctem visus, quum somnia vera."

HOR. Sat. i. x. 32.

Nor worthier wight is thine than he, I wis,
 Who on the eternal sunlit mountains green
 Gazed from the mist-clad valley's cold abyss :
 Flowers he beheld that fear no winters keen ;
 Fruitage from dusky verdure beckoning sheen ;
 Heard heaven's calm notes on odorous breezes bland,
 And yearned to leap the billowy gulf between,
 When, joy ! the living shallop bites the strand !
 In bounds the exulting bard ! he sails for Wonderland !¹

Speed, charmèd bark, to that bright shore again !
 Yet would I not unprofitably dream,
 But learn and teach that heavenly light is fain
 On contrite hearts and duteous steps to stream,
 Where, though the bleak waste solitary seem,
 Faith, Hope, Peace, Penitence, are found : and, lo !
 (Tenderer than tenderest human smiles !) the Beam
 That brightest aye on darkest clouds of wo
 Limns in the tints of Heaven the love-assuring Bow.

H. T.

¹ The imagery of this stanza is wholly borrowed from an exquisite poem of Schiller, intituled "Sehnsucht" [Yearning].

ERRATA.

Page 36 line 27 *for wrench read wrest*

„ 45	„ 18	„ here	„ hither
„ 80	„ 3	„ will	„ wilt
„ 88	„ 1	„ would	„ wouldst
„ 93	„ 17	„ now	„ new

PREFACE.

THE poem, the first English translation of which is here offered to the public, is confessedly one of the finest productions of its writer. It was written when his judgment was matured, and his taste refined; it was the last save one of his dramatic compositions, and produced only four years before his death. German eulogy on it is superabundant; to the English reader it may be sufficient to cite the testimony of that most accomplished German scholar, Mr. Thomas Carlyle. "After all objections have been urged. . . . *The Maid of Orleans* will remain one of the finest of modern dramas. Perhaps, among all Schiller's plays, it is the one which evinces most of that quality denominated *genius* in the strictest meaning of the word. *Wallenstein* embodies more thought, more knowledge, more conception; but it is only in parts illuminated by that ethereal brightness which shines over every part of this. The spirit of the romantic ages is here imaged forth; but the whole is exalted, embellished, ennobled. It is what the critics call *idealised*. The heart must be cold, the imagination dull, which the *Jungfrau von Orleans* will not move."¹ The reception of Schiller, on the first representation of this play at

¹ Carlyle's Life of Schiller, p. 210, edit. 1845.

Leipzig, was of a character perhaps unparalleled even in ardent and enthusiastic Germany.

Nevertheless it is truly said by an intelligent but anonymous critic of this play in *Blackwood's Magazine*, "Perhaps there is no play of Schiller's which is read with more general pleasure than *The Maid of Orleans*, nor one against which so many critical objections have been raised." These objections are chiefly historical; at least, it is only with such that the present translator purposes to deal. The rule "fama seque,"¹ which common sense, seldom at variance with Horace, seems to make essential to historical dramas (at least, in important details), is utterly defied by Schiller in his *Maid of Orleans*. Little as his departures from historical verity are generally explicable, it is not possible to suppose that, historian no less than poet as he was, he had, in all or many of these instances, mistaken or forgotten, especially as the idea of this drama seems to have been suggested to his mind by the study of documents illustrative of the Maiden's history. These minor deviations, most of which are indicated in the notes, are too numerous and considerable not to be, to some extent, the result of design. But if any doubt were possible as regards other particulars, none can attach to the catastrophe. Here Schiller has violently departed from notorious fact; with what view, is an enigma of which numerous solutions have been proposed.

As the translator has not met with any explanation of this phenomenon satisfactory to his own mind, he

¹ Hor. de Art. Poet. 119.

ventures to offer one, which may not, perhaps, be original, but which, so far as he knows, has not been suggested by any critic on this play. It is well known that Schiller's first idea was to treat this subject with strict adherence to history, so far as was compatible with the free action of the drama. This idea he abandoned; and with it, it is obvious, the historical Joan was rejected, except so far as that character illustrated the conception which Schiller sought to embody. It is probable that this conception was, from the first, Schiller's great object in treating dramatically this passage of history, which he thought would sufficiently answer his purpose; but, finding only a portion of it capable of such adaptation, he substituted his own splendid creations for the rest. What his conception was—the pure abstraction of which *The Maid of Orleans* was the visible representation,—may be gathered from two authentic sources: 1st, the play itself; and, 2dly, some stanzas on the subject by its author, a translation of which is prefixed in this book to the play. From the latter, it appears that the object of Schiller was to reverse the abuse which had been made of the Maiden's history to the degradation of human nature; and, consequently, in her to depict its elevation and beauty, when purified and instructed by Christianity; not, indeed, unassailed by temptation, or unblemished by error; but still on earth victorious, and in heaven triumphant. This design is nobly carried into effect in the play; and, as I shall endeavour to shew, gives a decided superiority to the poetical over the historical catastrophe.

Joanna, then, the personification of humanity purified by religion, is a pure, simple, *childlike* girl ("aus *kindischem* Geschlechte"); her calling is favourable to the love of nature, the development of the pure affections, and the expansion of devotion. She is faithful in her humble charge, and, resembling in vocation and diligence the lowly shepherds of Bethlehem, like them too she is favoured with a divine revelation. Her reluctance to accept the mission appointed her is true to the verity of nature; for it is the very testimony of Holy Scripture.¹ The human model which she copies is, with the exception of that which distances all comparison, the purest and holiest. From her, Joanna learns the office of her sex—might we not say, of her kind?

"Obedience is the woman's part on earth,
And *patient suffering* her appointed state;
By *service hard* must she approve her worth;
Who *serves* below, shall there above be great."

These words are graven on her heart. She is called to a task altogether alien from her sex and temper: it is, however, her DUTY; and she is now as earnest to exterminate every Englishman as she formerly had been to destroy the "tiger-wolf." But, in an unguarded moment, the valour and beauty of Lionel impress her heart, and she spares him. She is conscious of her disloyalty at the instant, but, in her weakness, yields to the impulse. Intensest horror succeeds; she abominates her deed and herself. And now penitence,

¹ See Exod. iii. 11; iv. 10, 13; Jer. i. 6.

as it were, ploughs up the depths of her heart, and discovers to her roots of evil of which she had not been conscious. She finds that sin is introduced by remissness; that her exaltation, imperceptibly to herself, had generated self-confidence, and thus made way for apostasy and ruin. She resolves immediately to exterminate the evil at whatever cost; to mortify her self-exaltation by the deepest voluntary humiliation which it is possible to undergo, and thus to evince to her own heart also the genuineness of her repentance. And, thus far, nothing could more exactly express the history of a faithful Christian, submitting inclination unreservedly to duty, exterminating every bosom-sin, however dear, and at whatever sacrifice, till some object or thought, it may be innocent in itself, and, perhaps, beautiful in the estimate of the world, wins for a moment more of his affections than he gives to his appointed task. In his view of the divine law, which is the true, his baptismal sanctity is violated. In the process of his self-condemnation he ascertains that his failure was the result of defective vigilance, which has admitted into the heart some diminutive germ of a giant mischief. His resolution is taken. He would at once prove to himself the sincerity of his penitence, expel the root of bitterness, and guard his heart for the time to come; and all this he knows will best be effected through some keen humiliation, directed especially to the mortification of the peculiar sin.

It is obvious then, that if Joanna was to be the impersonation of the Christian militant, some such

event as this invention of the poet was necessary. For the Joan of history, whatever may have been her errors, was perfectly and unblamably faithful to what she deemed her charge; but perfection in the entire course of life, symbolised in the tragedy by this charge, would be untrue to moral fact. The errors of the saint are such as, in themselves, the world regards lightly; but yet are, and by him are considered as, deserving the severest retribution, and demanding the deepest penitence. Such an error is this of Joanna.

Now, this step being taken by the poet, and the *voluntary humiliation* of Joanna being indispensable to the conception, the historical catastrophe was impossible. It must be recollected that Joan was no martyr. She did not suffer for opinions which she might have recanted. She was the victim of vindictive cruelty. Indeed, as far as any recantation was possible, she made it. But there was no *voluntary* submission to her fate, inasmuch as no choice was in her power. Even if Schiller had preferred to do less violence to history, and to represent his Joanna resignedly suffering for a cause which she might, but would not, betray, still she could not *throw herself* into the hands of the English without committing the very treason itself. Her penance was to be *self-inflicted*; and therefore a violent departure from history was necessary. And, admitting this to be the case, the skill and justness of Schiller's substitution must be universally conceded. He has not been negligent of the precept, "sibi convenientia finge:"¹

¹ Hor. de Art Poet. 119.

*"Atque ita mentitur, sic falsis vera remiscet,
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum."*¹

He has placed his heroine in the most trying circumstances to which human nature can be subjected. She is accused of crimes of which her heart attests her innocent, and the accuser is not the vindictive Bedford, or the treacherous Oiseleur, but he whom she best loves, and who ought to be the foremost to shield her from the accusations of others. She is arraigned by her father. The injustice and unkindness of those whom we love, especially if they be such as by duty should be the foremost in affection, is assuredly the bitterest drop in the cup of human wo. Thus far, however, Joanna has no choice. But when accused in the most direct terms of satanical arts, she might, with perfect truth, assert her innocence of these, much as her heart condemned her in another respect. Here, however, is her trial. She feels that she does not "belong to the holy and the pure," and therefore she answers not. She well knows the consequence; but she has counted the cost. She submits now unreservedly to the fate she has sought. She is hurled down from the splendour which she feels she deserves not, and in which she was therefore unhappy, to banishment and destitution. She is regarded with horror by those who before had so highly prized and exalted her; she is spurned by her king, who owed her his crown and his life; and by his meanest subjects, the poor charcoal-burners of the forest, who, as soon as they

¹ Hor. de Art. Poet. 151.

know her, flee from her in dismay. She is delivered up to her deadliest foes. But her trial does its work of purification entirely. With the self-distrust inspired by the past, she conjures the queen that she may not be sent to Lionel; yet when she is, she finds her heart firm, and she is equally insensible to the lures of love, the glare of ambition, the stimulants of revenge, and the terrors of death. Raymond's inability to conceive the motives of her conduct is a truthful representation of those who "do but see the natural face of things," when they form judgments of such as have "gazed on all that is deathless;" the "natural man's" judgments on "the things of the Spirit." The Divine favour openly returns to her. By a superhuman effort she bursts her bonds; she wrests victory from her foes, reconciliation from her friends; dies in duty; and we obtain a glimpse of her celestial triumph. In this narrative we have a distinct delineation of the use made of the trials of life by the penitent Christian, his severe mortification of the passions which have betrayed him into heedlessness and failure, the efficacy of his exertions, and the triumph and blessedness of his end.

Joanna, then, in this view, is the abstraction of Christian life: trained early to duty; called, ere the days of faithful, pure, and confiding childhood are quite ended, to duties more responsible and less congenial; faithful in these, but not perfect; tried, for purification; submitting to the trial with meekness, and mortifying the sources of imperfection; coming forth purified and refined from the searching process; liberated by Divine aid from "the bondage of cor-

ruption ;" victorious over all opposition ; triumphant in death. With this key to her character, we are not surprised that Joanna should be, what Mr. Carlyle pronounces her, "the noblest being in tragedy ;"¹ for she is the noblest of human aspirations personified. And the hypothesis derives support from the death of Talbot, and the apparition of the Black Knight. The character of Talbot was historically indispensable to the play ; impetuous valour was essential to the character ; and open disbelief of Joanna's supernatural qualifications was in that age necessarily implied in this. Yet such a cloud was not to be permitted to cast its shade too long across the "ethereal brightness," which was the very essence and object of the poem. He is therefore removed by a palpable anachronism ; and the appearance of his perturbed spirit, while it makes him confute his own error, and thus shed a reflex light on the darkened past, subserves the main design, in shewing that Joanna's defective caution was the cause of her temporary fall. The Black Knight is a difficulty with the critics ; but on the present supposition his appearance is explicable.

On the conduct of the poem, I would add one leaf only to the reams of criticism in existence. I have not seen it remarked, although it is remarkable, how entirely Schiller sympathises in this play with England as a nation, even though history and the object of his poem compel him to condemn the English cause. The successes of the French are *wholly* ascribed to Omni-

¹ Life of Schiller, p. 196.

potence, acting through the Maiden. Before her appearance the French are prostrate, and totally at the mercy of the English; during her disgrace and captivity, the English are again victorious at all points; it is only when she appears once more on the scene, that they are defeated. In the first defeat of the English, Burgundy's men are first to run. When Burgundy recounts his services, he is reminded by Talbot, that at Agincourt the English were "matched with him and with all France." Lionel reminds him too, that

"Ne'er was the Englishman's renown more bright
Than when, relying on his own good sword
Alone, he fought unaided, unallied."

In the following scene, Burgundy hesitates throughout to attack the French; Talbot and Lionel are resolved to do so. No notice is taken of the disgrace of Fastolf, which the author of the "1st Part of Henry VI." has not hesitated to record. "A true German cannot tolerate a Frenchman,"¹ says Goethe's *Brander*. Schiller seems to have maintained his claim to be a faithful son of his fatherland; and not to have forgotten too the claim which we, as descendents of a common ancestry, had upon him.

Of this particular translation there is little to be said. The alterations not indicated in the notes are too few and too slight to deserve notice. It is sufficient to say that they are made in the recollection that this work forms part of a *Fireside Library*. The stage-directions have been curtailed; but slightly,

¹ "Ein echter Deutscher Mann mag keinen Franzen leiden."

perhaps too slightly ; for it is the fault of the German dramatists to print their prompters' copies, or what is equivalent. And this is particularly the case with Schiller, as might be expected from his position at one time,—poet to the theatre at Mannheim.

One word in conclusion. If I be met with the ancient and wise aphorism, “A man of counsel, charge, and care, ought not to sleep the livelong night;”¹ my reply is, True: but all men must have *some* sleep. Repose is absolutely necessary; and it seems not to me to differ much whether this be sought in gardening, and drawing, and geology, or in the pleasures of pure polite literature. The translation here presented to the public has been executed on that principle; written at scraps of time—leisure *moments* of laborious days. It is sent forth to occupy like moments in the lives of others; not to supersede duty, but, if there be any truth in my view of the poem, to stimulate and encourage it; and I hold it no unblest work to provide for the pure entertainment of my kind, and to be instrumental in making amusement conducive to intellectual and spiritual elevation.

H. T.

¹ οὐ χρὴ παννύχιον εὔδειν βουλευφόρον ἄνδρα,
ὃ λαοί τ' ἐπιτετράφαται, καὶ τόσσα μέμηλε.

Il. B. 29.

The Maid of Orleans.

[From Schiller's "Poems of the Third Period."]

Fair Human Nature's goodly form to mar,
Thee in the mire foul Mockery's hoof hath trod ;
Wit on the Beautiful makes ceaseless war ;
Puts no belief in Angel or in God,
Tears from the heart the treasures of its trust,
Assailing Error, tramples Faith in dust.

Yet, ev'n like thee a child, meek Poesy,
A gentle pastoral spirit too, like thine,
Soars to the everlasting stars with thee,
And makes thee partner of her rights divine.
Her glory hath encircled thee : the heart
Created thee ; and thou immortal art.

The world delights to blacken all the Bright,
And drag the Exalted down to common earth :
Yet cheer thee ! there are hearts of love and light,
Who prize the Great and Noble at their worth.
Momus the vulgar mart may entertain ;
A nobler taste demands a nobler strain.



The Maid of Orleans.

INDUCTION.

A rural landscape. On the right side a chapel, with the image of the Holy Virgin ; on the left a tall oak.

SCENE I.

THIBAUT D'ARC, MARGOT, LOUISON, JOANNA, ETIENNE,
CLAUDE MARIE, RAYMOND.

THIBAUT.

YES, dearest neighbours ! we are yet this day
Frenchmen ; free citizens as yet, and masters
Of the old heritage our fathers tilled !
Who knows what master we may serve to-morrow ?
For over every spot the Englishman
Unfurls his conquering banner ; and his steeds
Trample at will the flowery fields of France.
Paris already hails him as her victor,
And with the ancient crown of Dagobert
Adorns the scion of a foreign stem.
The grandson of our kings must wander now
Through his own realm a crownless fugitive,
While in the foe's array against him fight
His nearest kinsman and his highest peer ;
Yea, his own raven mother leads their host.
Villages, towns, are blazing round ; the smoke
Of devastation near and nearer rolls,
Even to these vales, which yet in peace repose.
Wherefore, dear neighbours, by Heaven's aiding grace,
Have I resolved me, while as yet I may,

To wed my daughters; for weak woman needs
 A guardian in the casualties of war,
 And true love helps to lighten every burden.
 Come, Etienne! thou wooest my Margot:
 Our fields lie neighbourly and close together,
 And our hearts beat in unison—that binds
 A blest alliance.—Claude Marie! you speak not;
 And does my Louison with downcast eyes
 Pause for my promise?—Would I sunder hearts,
 Because you have no treasure to bestow
 For the rich purchase?—Who has treasure now?
 Our houses, barns, and chattels now are all
 The prey of the next foe or the next fire.
 The faithful breast of the brave man alone
 Is stormproof shelter in these darksome times.

LOUISON.

My father!

CLAUDE MARIE.

Louison!

LOUISON (*embracing JOANNA*).
 My dearest sister!

THIBAUT.

I give her thirty acres of good land,
 A stall, a farmyard, and a flock of sheep;
 Heaven hath thus blest me; so too ye be blest!

MARGOT (*embracing JOANNA*).

Joanna, cheer our sire, and take example:
 Let this fair morning knit three happy bands.

THIBAUT.

Go! haste! prepare! to-morrow is the bridal;
 I will the village all keep holyday.

[*Exeunt the two pairs arm-in-arm.*]

SCENE II.

THIBAUT.

Joanna dear, thy sisters keep their nuptials:
 I see them happy, they rejoice my age;
 But thou, my youngest, bring'st me grief and sorrow.

RAYMOND.

What mean'st thou? Why thus harshly chide thy daughter?

THIBAUT.

Here this bold stripling, who in all the village
Sees not his equal, this fair youth and noble
Hath set his best affections on thy love,
And wooed thee faithfully these three last autumns,
With silent wishes and with hearty suit:
Thou spurn'st him back with pride and chill disdain,
Though not another of our shepherd swains
May hope to win from thee a kindly smile.
I see thee boast in haughtiness of youth,
It is thy spring, it is thy hope's young season,
The blossom of thy beauty is outspread,
Though still I vainly wait to see the flower
Of gentle love burst from the vernal bud,
And joyful ripen into golden fruit.
It likes me not, my daughter; it displays
An aberration from great Nature's law:
The heart displeases me that, cold and stern,
Closes its founts in the mid years of feeling.

RAYMOND.

Let well alone, good father: let her be;
The love of my adorable Joanna
Is even a soft and noble fruit of heaven,
And costliest things come latest to perfection.
As yet she loves to dwell upon the hills,
And from the free expanse of mountain heath
Dreads to descend to these low habitations
Of men, where narrow cares and sorrows reign.
Oft do I view her from the hollow glen
With silent admiration, as she stands
Towering on some high down amid her flock,
With noble port and fixed and steady eye
Gazing on the diminished fields below.
Then seems she somewhat loftier to betide,
And oft I deem her maid of other days.

THIBAUT.

'Tis that displeases me, and ever must.
She shuns her sisters' lively fellowship;
She seeks the solitary hills,—she leaves

Her nightly couch ere crows the matin bird,—
 And in the hour of terror, when mankind
 Crowd closest to each other, forth she creeps,
 Glides like the midnight fowl of solitude
 Into Night's grim and grisly realm of ghosts,
 And speeds her to the cross-road, where she holds
 Mysterious converse with the mountain breeze.
 Why should she ever choose this gloomy spot?
 Why should she always hither drive her flocks?
 I see her sit whole hours in pensive mood
 There, in the shadow of the Druid's tree,
 Which all auspicious creatures dread and shun.
 It is no blessèd spot; an evil Being
 Holds his abode beneath that dreary tree,
 Even from the old grey days of heathen time.
 The elders of our village oft relate
 Most fearful tales of that mysterious tree;
 Unearthly voices with miraculous sound
 Oft echo from its murk and dismal boughs.
 Once I myself, as in late hour of dusk
 I strayed perforce beside that lonesome tree,
 Beheld a spectral female sit beneath,
 Who from her shadowy mantle's ample fold
 Stretched out to me a lean and withered hand,
 As though she would have beckoned me; I hasted
 In terror by, and blessed my shuddering soul.

RAYMOND (*pointing to the image in the chapel*).
 The blessèd presence of the holy image
 That sheds around this spot the peace of heaven,
 Not Satan's work, brings your good daughter hither.

THIBAUT.
 Nay, nay! 'tis not in vain, the sight that haunts me
 In dreams and torturing visions of the night!
 Thrice have I seen her in the city Rheims,
 Seated upon our kings' ancestral throne,
 A sparkling diadem of seven bright stars
 Upon her head, the sceptre in her hand,
 From which three white and blooming lilies sprang;
 While I, her father, and her sisters both,
 And all the princes, prelates, peers of France,
 And even the king himself, bowed down before her.

How came such splendour in this humble cot?
 Oh, surely it betides some fearful fall!
 The warning vision represents too well
 The idle yearnings of her haughty heart.
 She spurns her lowly lot; and since high Heaven
 Hath with rich beauty graced her faultless form,
 And with high gifts of wonder blessed her mind
 O'er all the shepherd-maidens of the vale,
 Her swelling heart conceives a sinful pride;
 And pride it was whereby the angels fell,
 And pride is still the Tempter's surest lure.

RAYMOND.

Yet who was e'er more modest or more virtuous
 Than your most duteous daughter? Doth she not
 With cheerful service tend her sisters ever?
 She is most richly gifted of them all;
 Yet dost thou see her, like the humblest maid,
 With ready mind fulfil the roughest duties;
 And wondrously beneath her guiding hand
 The flocks and harvests thrive and multiply:
 A strange incomprehensible success
 Attends whate'er she does.

THIBAUT.

Yes, yes; 'tis so!
 Incomprehensible success! I feel
 A shuddering dread at that unnatural blessing.
 No more. I speak not,—nay, I will not speak.
 Shall I defame my dearest child? Nay, nay;
 I can no more than warn and pray for her.
 Yet warn I must;—fly, fly that unblest tree!
 Stay not alone—dig up no roots at midnight—
 Prepare no potions of enchanted might—
 And trace no figures on the yielding sand!
 Easily may we pierce the realm of spirits,
 They lie awaiting 'neath a slender covering,
 And, lightly hearing, burst in storm away.
 Stay not alone, for in the solitude
 Satan could find the Lord himself of Heaven.

SCENE III.

Enter BERTRAND with a helmet in his hand.

RAYMOND.

Hush ! here comes Bertrand hasting from the town ;
See what he bears !

BERTRAND.

You seem to me astonished ;
Sore marvelling at the unusual object
I bear withal.

THIBAUT.

We marvel truly. Tell us
How came you by that helm ? why bring you hither
That evil token to this peaceful meeting ?

[JOANNA, *who was standing the two previous scenes motionless, and without taking part in the action, becomes observant and advances.*

BERTRAND.

Scarce can I tell myself how this strange thing
Came to my hand. It chanced that I had bought
Some iron implements at Vaucouleurs ;
There found I a great tumult in the market,
For people in alarm and flight had sped
From Orleans in the fearful haste of war.
In uproar all the town had run together ;
And, as I forced a passage through the throng,
A dark Bohemian woman did accost me,
Bearing this helm ; and, stedfast gazing on me,
Said — “ Comrade, you come hither for a helmet —
I know you do, — there, go with this, and prosper ;
It will not cost you much.” “ Nay,” I replied ;
“ Go to the men-at-arms, they will reward you :
I am a peaceful hind, and need no helm.”
She ceased not to importune me, and said :
“ No man can venture to affirm for certain
Whether he needs a helm : a roof of steel
May stand him in more stead than walls of stone.”
And thus she chased me through the streets, and pressed
Her warlike ware on my reluctant hand.
I gazed upon the toy so bright and sheen,
A seemly ornament for knightly head ;
And while I turned it doubting in my hand,

And pondering on the strange adventure—lo !
The woman from my eyes had disappeared ;
The torrent of the populace had swept her
Away,—and in my hand the helm remains.

JOANNA (*grasping eagerly and swiftly at the helmet*).
Give me the helm !

BERTRAND.

What is the helm to thee ?
This is no ornament for maiden's brow.

JOANNA (*seizing the helmet from him*).
Mine is the helm, and it to me belongs !

THIBAUT.

What would the maiden ?

RAYMOND.

Leave her to her will !
The martial ornament beseems her well,
For that soft bosom holds a manly heart.
Remember how she seized the tiger-wolf,
That wild and furious monster, that laid waste
Our flocks and herds, the terror of the swains :
She all alone, the lion-hearted maid,
Closed with the brute, and from his bloody jaws
Tore with victorious force the lamb away.
How bold soe'er the head this helm hath decked,
It ne'er can crown a worthier !

THIBAUT.

Bertrand, say,
What new disaster has the war brought forth ?
What told the fugitives ?

BERTRAND.

Heaven shield the king,
And take compassion on this ruined land !
In two great battles we again are beaten ;
The foe is in the heart of France ; the country
Even to the borders of the Loire is lost ;
And now he hath assembled all his power
And lays close siege to Orleans.

THIBAUT.

Heaven protect
Our gracious king !

BERTRAND.

Artillery without end
 Arrives from every quarter; as in summer
 The dusky legions of the honeybees
 Swarm round the hive, or as the locust tribes,
 On the black pinions of the blighting blast,
 In throngs innumerable fall to earth,
 And veil the champaign round for many a league;
 So sweeps the war-cloud of the nations forth
 In thunder o'er the plain of Orleans,
 And the discordant hum of many tongues
 Commingled rises from the hostile camp.
 The mighty Burgundy hath led his hosts
 From all his fair and ample territories;
 The men of Luxemburg and of Liege,
 The warriors of Hainault and fair Namur,
 And them who till the fields of rich Brabant;
 Voluptuous Ghent, in pride of rich array,
 Sends forth her silk and velvet citizens;
 And Zealand, that from out the watery deep
 Rears her white crown of cities, joins the host;
 The pastoral Hollander, the men of Utrecht,
 Yea, even West Friesland's distant progeny,
 That skirt the icy pole, all, all attend
 The summons of the haughty Burgundy,
 To level Orleans with the dust.

THIBAUT.

Alas!

Woe for the wretched and disastrous discord
 That wields 'gainst France the arms of France herself!

BERTRAND.

Nay, more, the mother-queen, proud Isabel,
 Bavaria's princess, in the public gaze
 Rides steel-clad through the camp; with venom'd words
 Piercing the vulgar ear, and rousing fierce
 The passions of the crowd against her son,
 Whom she hath borne on her own mother's breast!

THIBAUT.

My malison upon her head! may she
 Perish, like that vile Jezebel of old!

BERTRAND.

The dreadful Salisbury, before whose hand
The walls of cities tumble, heads the leaguer ;
With him the lion's brother Lionel,
And Talbot, who with death-dispensing brand
Mows down whole nations in the battle-harvest ;
In wild insulting fury have they vowed
To give to shame the virgins of the place,
And to the sword yield what the sword has given.
Four lofty towers have they already built
To overlook the town ; from these in turn
Earl Salisbury, with death-desiring glance,
Marks each fleet fugitive that threads the streets.
The ordnance pours its balls by thousands down
On the devoted city : churches lie
Crumbled in ashes, and the royal tower
Of Notre Dame bows its aspiring head.
The enemy has dug huge powder-mines ;
The city stands on an infernal gulf,
In trembling terror waiting every hour
Till it with thunder-crash shall burst to ruin.

[JOANNA *hears with increased interest, and
places the helmet on her head.*

THIBAUT.

But where were then the true and stalwart knights,
The good Saintrilles, La Hire, and he, the first
Of our land's bulwarks, the high-minded Bastard,
That thus the foe sweeps onward unrepelled ?
Where is the king himself ? beholds he idly
His realm's disaster, and his cities' fall ?

BERTRAND.

At Chinon holds the king his court ; his men
Are failing him—he cannot keep the field.
What boots the chieftain's heart, the hero's arm,
When pallid fear has crippled all their host ?
A panic terror, seeming as from heaven,
Hath palsied even the bosoms of the boldest.
The summons of the princes sounds in vain ;
And, as the sheep throng timorously together
When round the fold resounds the wolf's alarm,
So now the Frank, of all his old renown

Forgetful, seeks security in cities.
A single knight alone, so heard I tell,
Hath raised a small but faithful chivalry,
And sped him to the king with sixteen pennons.

JOANNA.

How is the knight named?

BERTRAND.

Baudricour. But scarcely
May he escape the notice of the foe,
Who with two armies follows on his track.

JOANNA.

Where stays the knight? Inform me, if you know.

BERTRAND.

He stays at present scarcely one day's journey
From Vaucouleurs.

THIBAUT (*to JOANNA*).

What troubles thee? thou askest
Of matters, maiden, that beseeem thee not.

BERTRAND.

Since thus the foe prevails, and no more aid
Can from the king be hoped, at Vaucouleurs
The people have with one accord resolved
To render up the town to Burgundy.
So shall we bear no foreign yoke, but dwell
Beneath the ancient royal line; perchance
Fall back again beneath the ancient crown,
When France and Burgundy forget their feud.

JOANNA.

Speak not of treaty! speak not of surrender!
The avenger comes! he arms him for the conflict!
At Orleans shall the foe's success be wrecked:
Full is his measure; he is ripe for reaping;
And with her sickle shall the maiden come,
And sweep to earth the harvest of his pride.
From heaven shall she tear down his glory's fame,
Which late he hung amid the stars on high.
Tremble not! flee not! ere the rye be yellow,
Ere the next circle of the moon be full,
No English steed shall quaff the limpid wave
Of the magnificently-rolling Loire!

BERTRAND.

Nay, maid; the age of miracles is past.

JOANNA.

It is not past! a milkwhite dove shall yet
With eagle boldness souse upon these vultures
That tear the bowels of our fatherland.
Proud Burgundy, betrayer of the realm,
And the heaven-storming hundred-handed Talbot,
And Salisbury, desecrater of our shrines,
Shall she bear down, and, like a flock of lambs,
Before her chase the insolent islanders.
The Lord will be with her,—the God of battles!
His weak and trembling creature will He choose,
And by a tender maiden will He wield
His masterdom; for He is the Almighty.

THIBAUT.

What spirit has possessed the maid?

RAYMOND.

It is

The helm which her so martially inspires.
Look at thy daughter! see! her eyes flash lightning,
And her cheeks scatter glowing sparks of fire!

JOANNA.

Shall this realm fall? Shall this proud land of fame,
The loveliest that the eternal sun beholds
In all his course, the paradise of lands,
That God loves as the apple of His eye,
Drag the base fetters of a foreign race?
Here fell the shattered power of heathendom!
Here the first cross—first holy image stood!
Here rests the precious dust of sainted Lewis!
Hence marched the conquerors of Jerusalem!

BERTRAND (*astonished*).

Hear her exalted mood! Whence has she gained
This lofty revelation? Father Arc,
Heaven sure hath given thee a wondrous daughter!

JOANNA.

Shall we have no more monarchs of our own—
No native lord? the hereditary prince,
The king that never dies, shall from the world

Evanish? he who guards the holy plough,
 Guards the rich pasture, fertilises earth,
 Brings forth the bondslave into liberty,
 Makes cities happy round about his throne,
 Stands by the feeble, terrifies the wicked;
 Who knows no envy, for he is the highest;
 Who is as man and angel of compassion
 On this discordant earth! For the high throne
 Of kings, all bright with orient gold, affords
 A shelter to the desolate. Here stands
 Power linked with mercy, where the guilty wretch
 Trembles, the righteous confident approaches,
 And dallies with the lions round the throne!
 But a strange prince, who comes from foreign shores,
 Of whose loved ancestors no holy bones
 Rest in this land, can he presume to love it?
 Who was not young among our youths—whose heart
 Holds no kind echo for our native speech—
 Can he be father to our country's children?

THIBAUT.

Heaven shield fair France and her good king! but we
 Are peaceful rustics, all unskilled to draw
 The martial sword, or guide the warlike steed
 Through war's grim files. Let us await in quiet
 What king the chance of war may give withal.
 The fate of battles is in Heaven's disposal,
 And him we hail our lord who'er receives
 The holy unction and the crown at Rheims.
 Come now to labour! come! let each man think
 Only on what is next! leave we the great
 To settle with themselves the affairs of state;
 Calmly may we behold Destruction lower;
 The ground we till will stand against his power:
 His fires may sweep each village from the plain,
 Our new-sown fields be trampled by his steeds;
 But the new spring will bring with it new seeds,
 And our light huts be quickly reared again!

[*Exeunt all but JOANNA.*]

JOANNA.

Farewell, ye hills and ye beloved pastures;
 Ye still and sombre valleys, fare ye well!
 Joanna shall no more frequent your haunts;

Joanna bids you now farewell for ever.
Ye plants which I have watered oft, ye trees
Which I have planted, burgeon blithesomely!
Farewell, ye grottos, and ye cooling fountains;
Thou Echo, clear soft voice of this calm glen,
That oft gave answer to my maiden strain,
Joanna goes, and ne'er returns again!

Scenes of my early quiet joys, farewell!
I leave you all behind me now for aye!
Rove forth, my lambs, upon the turfy fell,
Destined henceforth all shepherdless to stray!
Far other duties call me hence away;
Far other flock 'tis now my lot to lead
On the red field of peril and dismay:
No idle earthly yearnings prompt the deed;
The Spirit bids me haste—He calls, and I must heed.

For He who erst on Horeb's hallowed side
To Moses blazed in fiery bush revealed,
And bade him face the Egyptian's ire and pride;
And called the pious David from the field,
For pastoral crook imperial glaive to wield;
He who was gracious aye to shepherds—He
To His high work my ministry hath sealed;
He called me from the branches of this tree,
And said, "Go forth on earth to testify for me;

In rugged arms thy graceful form enfold;
In griding steel thy tender breast attire:
No youth shall kindle in that bosom cold
Profane and idle flame of earth's desire.
Thy chainless locks shall feel no bridal tire;
No babe, reposing on thy bosom, trace
An infant image of a manly sire;
For thee have I of old decreed to grace
With martial power and fame above all female race.

And when in strife the boldest fall away,
When the last hour of France is hovering nigh,
Then shall thy hand my Oriflamme display,
And, swift as reaper shreds the harvest dry,
The haught oppressor shalt thou hurl from high,

Bid his proud star in mid ascendant cower,
Rescue thy land's heroic progeny,
And, 'neath fair Rheims' emancipated tower,
Set on the rightful brow the sovran crown of power."

A token Heaven hath shewn — I know it well!
He sends to me the casque! it comes from Him!
With might divine I feel my bosom swell!
The spirit of the flaming Cherubim
With force supernal nerves each feeble limb,
And, wild as tempest sweeps the midnight sky,
Forth urges to the iron conflict grim!
Hark! through me peals my country's battle-cry!
The trumpets' fierce acclaim! the mustering chivalry!

[Exit.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Court in the Camp of KING CHARLES, at Chinon.

DUNOIS and DU CHÂTEL.

DUNOIS.

No! I will brook no more. I fling from me
Allegiance to this king, who thus inglorious
Abandons his own cause. My indignant heart
Bleeds in my breast! I could weep burning tears,
That spoilers in our fair imperial France
Should parcel with the sword the noble cities
That have grown ancient with the monarchy;
Hand over to the foe their rusty keys,
While we, in idlesse and inactive sloth,
Squander the priceless opportunity
Which yet might save our land. I did but hear
That Orleans was threatened; and I flew
In breathless haste from distant Normandy,
Expecting to behold the king arrayed
In martial harness, at his army's head;
And then I find him—here! with troubadours
Encompassed, and with jugglers; solving riddles,
And giving gallant banquets to Sorel,
As though profoundest peace reigned in the realm!
The Constable departs—he cannot brook
Longer the hideous sight. I too forsake him,
And give him over to his evil fate.

DU CHÂTEL.

Here comes the king!

SCENE II.

Enter KING CHARLES.

KING CHARLES.

The Constable has sent us back his sword,
And has renounced our service. Be it so!

So have we rid us of a sullen churl,
Who, with insufferable insolence,
Was ever prompt to lord it o'er his master.

DUNOIS.

A man is precious in these days of dearth:
I could not have esteemed his loss so lightly.

KING CHARLES.

Thou dost but speak from love of contradiction;
When he was here thou never wert his friend.

DUNOIS.

He was a proud, repulsive, pompous fool,
And knew not where to end; but now, for once,
He has shewn more wit; and gone at the right time,
When there is no more honour to be had.

KING CHARLES.

Thou art in pleasant vein; I will not mar
Thy mirthsome frolic mood.—Ho! Du Châtel!
There are ambassadors arrived from René,
The good old king—great men for minstrelsy,
And much renowned—they must be richly welcomed,
And each presented with a golden chain.—
[*To DUNOIS.*] Why laugh'st thou?

DUNOIS.

Marry, at your golden chains,
Which from your mouth so lavishly you scatter.

DU CHÂTEL.

Sire, there is no more gold in your exchequer.

KING CHARLES.

Well, get some, then. Great minstrels must not go
Unhonoured from my court. They make the dry
Dead staff of empery put forth spring flowers,
And intertwine the eververdant bough
Of life immortal in the barren crown;
They rule, and to the rulers of the earth
Assimilate their state; they build them thrones
Of unsubstantial wishes, and a realm,
An innocent realm, above the wilds of space.
Alike the minstrel's and the monarch's worth;
Both dwell amid the highest of the earth!

DU CHÂTEL.

My royal liege! I spared to wound thine ear
While there was hope of counsel or of aid;
But now stern destitution frees my tongue.
Thou hast no more for gifts; alas! thou hast
No more for bare subsistence till the morrow!
The springtide of thy wealth is rolled away,
And deepest ebb is in thy coffers now.
Thy troops are yet unpaid, and, muttering threats,
They commune of desertion. Scarce I know
Means to supply the mere necessities,
Not princely honours, of my royal master.

KING CHARLES.

Then mortgage the revenues of my crown,
And borrow for thee money of the Lombards.

DU CHÂTEL.

Sire, all thy crown-possession and revenues
Three years ago were mortgaged. Ail are gone!

DUNOIS.

And, meanwhile, land and mortgage go to ruin.

KING CHARLES.

Yet have we many fair and rich domains.

DUNOIS.

So long as pleases Heaven and Talbot's sword!
When Orleans is captured, you may go
And play at keeping sheep with your friend René.

KING CHARLES.

Thou lov'st to ply thy wit on that good king,
And yet it is that selfsame lackland prince
Who but this day has shewn me princely bounty.

DUNOIS.

'Tis well his bounty did not send his crown
Of Naples, which, I hear, has been for sale,
Since he has taken to play pastorals.

KING CHARLES.

'Tis but a jest, a merry sport, a pastime,
Which he bestows on his own guileless heart,
To build himself a pure and innocent world
Amid this barbarous rude reality.

And yet his aim is somewhat great and kingly :
 He would reanimate the elder times,
 When gentle courtesy prevailed, when love
 Was wont to elevate the knight's bold heart,
 And high-born ladies sat to judge the lists,
 Soft arbiters of all things great and fair.
 Even in those times the cheerful old man lives ;
 And, even as they yet live in ancient lays,
 So would he raise them up on this low earth,
 A heavenly city reared on clouds of gold.
 He hath establishèd a Court of Love,
 Whither all gallant knights shall make resort,
 Chaste damsels sit enthroned in queenly state,
 And pure Affection back to earth repair :
 And me hath he elected Prince of Love.

DUNOIS.

I am not so degenerate from my birth
 That I should scorn Love's gentle sovereignty.
 From him I bear my name ; I am his son,
 And all my birthright lies in his dominion.
 My father was the Prince of Orleans :
 No female heart he found invincible ;
 But then he found no foeman's hold too strong.
 Wouldst thou, then, rightly call thee Prince of Love,
 Be boldest of the boldest : if I read
 Those olden books aright, Love ever walked
 In pair with knightly prowess ; knights, I trow,
 Not pastoral dotards, sat round Arthur's table.
 Who cannot gallantly guard beauty, ne'er
 Deserves that golden prize. *Here are the lists :*
 Fight for the kingdom of thy ancestors !
 Now couch thy lance for love and chivalry !
 For thine own right, and gentle ladies' honour !
 And when from torrents of the invaders' blood
 Thine arm shall snatch thy fathers' heritage,
 Then will be time, and royally 'twill grace thee,
 To crown thee with the myrtle wreath of Love.

KING CHARLES (*to an esquire, who enters*).

What now ?

ESQUIRE.

My liege, some councillors from Orleans
 Entreat an audience of your majesty.

KING CHARLES.

Conduct them in.

[*Exit esquire.*]

No doubt they come for help.
What can I do—I, who myself am helpless?

SCENE III.

Enter three Councillors.

KING CHARLES.

Welcome, my faithful citizens of Orleans!
How stands it with my good and loyal city?
Persists she still with all her wonted valour
To hurl defiance at the leaguering foe?

COUNCILLOR.

Alas, great sire! ghastly extremity
And hourly growing ruin press your city.
The outworks are demolished, and the foe
Conquers new ground with every fresh assault.
The battlements are stript of their defenders;
The garrison makes ceaseless desperate sallies,
Yet few behold the doors of home again;
And now lean-visaged famine threatens the city.
Hence hath the noble Count of Rochepierre,
Who governs in the town, in this sore need,
As ancient practice is, agreed to make
Surrender to the foe on the twelfth day,
If in that space no power shall take the field
Of strength sufficient to relieve the place.

KING CHARLES.

Brief respite truly!

COUNCILLOR.

Therefore come we hither
With hostile convoy, seeking to implore
Thy princely heart to pity our poor town,
And send us aid within the appointed time,
Else on the twelfth day it must be surrendered.

DUNOIS.

And could the good Saintrilles yield his assent
To such disgraceful compact?

COUNCILLOR.

No, my lord.

While that good knight survived, no lip might dare
Breathe syllable of truce or of surrender.

DUNOIS.

He, then, is dead!

COUNCILLOR.

Even beneath our walls
That noble knight fell in his sovereign's cause.

KING CHARLES.

Have I, then, lost Saintrailles? in that one man
A host has perished!

*[A knight advances, and whispers with the
Bastard, who rises in surprise.]*

DUNOIS.

This too?

KING CHARLES.

Well, what now?

DUNOIS.

Earl Douglas sends to say, the Scottish troops
Have mutinied, and threaten to desert,
If they receive not their arrears this day.

KING CHARLES.

Ho, Du Châtel!

DU CHÂTEL.

Sire, I can give no counsel.

KING CHARLES.

Pledge, mortgage all thou hast, to half my realm.

DU CHÂTEL.

'Twill not avail: too oft have they been cheated
With empty promises, to trust us now.

KING CHARLES.

They are the noblest troops of my array:
No, no, they shall not, must not, now forsake me!

COUNCILLOR (*falls at the King's feet*).

Help us, great sire! compassionate our need!

KING CHARLES.

What! can I conjure armies into being

By stamping on the earth? or can I spread
 My hand, and give you harvests? Tear me piecemeal!
 Rend from my bleeding breast the panting heart,
 And coin it up for gold! blood I can give you:
 But treasure have I none, nor soldiers now.

SCENE IV.

Enter SOREL with a casket: the KING rushes towards her.

KING CHARLES.

Oh, my sweet Agnes! my beloved life!
 Thou com'st to snatch my spirit from despair!
 I have thee yet! to thy dear arms I flee!
 All is not lost—nay, nought is—thou art mine!

SOREL.

Oh, my dear lord!—

[Looking round anxiously and inquiringly.]
 Dunois, is't true?—Châtel?

DU CHÂTEL.

Alas, too true!

SOREL.

Is the distress so urgent?
 Is money needed for the men-at-arms?
 Threat they revolt?

DU CHÂTEL.

Alas, 'tis even so!

SOREL *(pressing on him the casket)*.

Here—here is gold for you, and costly gems;
 Melt down my silver; mortgage, sell my castles;
 Borrow on my estates in fair Provence:
 Turn all to gold, and satisfy the troops.
 Out now, and lose no time!

KING CHARLES.

Now, Dunois—now, Du Châtel—am I poor,
 I, who possess the crown of womankind?
 Her race is noble—noble as mine own;
 Not purer flows the blood of high Valois:
 The loftiest throne on earth might well be proud
 Of her adornment; but her soul disdains

To be, or to be called, aught but my love.
 From me she ne'er would take a costlier gift
 Than vernal flower in winter, or rare fruit:
 Nought she receives from me, and brings me all!
 Casts forth her whole possession and estate,
 Munificent, to prop my falling fortunes!

DUNOIS.

Yes, she is e'en infatuate as thyself,
 And flings her all into a burning house;
 And, like old Danaüs' fabled progeny,
 Draws in a leaky vessel. Deem not fondly
 That she will rescue thee: she will but ruin
 Herself in thy destruction.

SOREL.

Trust him not!
 Ten times for thee hath he imperilled life,
 And cannot brook that I should hazard gold.
 What! have I not long since to thee resigned
 Treasure of costlier worth than gold and pearl?
 And shall I now hold back earth's sordid dross?
 Come, let us hurl away all superflux
 Of bare existence! Let me shew thee now
 A bright example of renunciation.
 Convert to troops the minions of thy court—
 Thy gold to iron; all that thou possessest,
 Cast it with brave resolve after thy crown!
 Come! come! we'll share discomfiture and danger!
 Together mount the battle-scenting steed,
 And to the hot shafts of meridian day
 Expose the tender frame; the vault above us
 Shall be our covering, and the stone our pillow.
 The hardy warrior patiently will bear
 His own privation, when he sees his prince
 Share want and labour with the meanest vassal.

KING CHARLES.

Well, now an old prediction is fulfilled.
 I do remember me, in Clermont once
 A nun foretold, by the prophetic spirit,
 That by a woman I should crush my foes,
 And conquer back my patrimonial crown.
 I sought her in the precincts of the foe;

I hoped to reconcile *my mother's* heart;
But here stands she who leads me forth to Rheims,
And I shall conquer by my Agnes' love.

SOREL.

No: by the good swords of thy loyal friends.

KING CHARLES.

Much too I hope from discord 'mongst our foes;
For by sure hands I am advertised
That all goes not so smoothly as of old
Between these overweening lords of England
And our proud cousin Burgundy: and hence
I have despatched La Hire unto the Duke
To try if I may win the incensed peer
Back to his former truth and loyalty;
And hourly I expect the knight's arrival.

DU CHÂTEL (*at the window*).

See where, even now, he pricks into the court.

KING CHARLES.

Most welcome messenger! now shall we know
Whether our fate be victory or ruin.

SCENE V.

Enter LA HIRE.

KING CHARLES (*meeting him*).

La Hire, say, is there hope, or is there none?
Despatch thy errand: what must I expect?

LA HIRE.

Expect no more than thy good sword will win thee.

KING CHARLES.

Would not the haughty duke be reconciled?
Say, how took he my message?

LA HIRE.

This he said:

That first of all, and e'en ere he would lend
An ear to thy proposals, he demanded
That thou to him shouldst render Du Châtel,
Whom he proclaims assassin of his father.

KING CHARLES.

And what if we refuse him a condition
So ignominious?

LA HIRE.

Then, says he, the band
Of amity is severed ere 'twas joined.

KING CHARLES.

And didst thou then, as I commanded thee,
Challenge him forth to combat on the bridge
In Montereau, e'en where his father fell?

LA HIRE.

I cast thy gauntlet at his feet, and said,
Thou wouldest waive thy rights of royalty,
And for thy kingdom combat as a knight.
Contemptuous he replied, there was no need
To fight for what already was his own:
But, if so keen thine appetite for blows,
He would be found of thee 'fore Orleans' wall,
Whither he meant to go the morrow morn;
And therewith turned his back on me, and laughed.

KING CHARLES.

And dared no man of all my parliament
Raise the pure voice of justice and of right?

LA HIRE.

That voice is drowned amid the rage of parties.
A resolution of the parliament
Declares the throne for ever forfeited
By thee and by thy issue.

DUNOIS.

Ha! most monstrous
This insolence of citizens grown lords!

KING CHARLES.

Hast thou made no attempts to gain my mother

LA HIRE.

Thy mother?

KING CHARLES.

Yes; what was her bearing? speak!

LA HIRE (*meditating a few moments*).

It was the coronation festival

When at St. Denis I arrived. All Paris
 Was out, and decked in holyday array ;
 Triumphal arches spanned the busy streets,
 Through which the king of England's pageant passed.
 The way was strewn with flowers ; and shouting crowds,
 As though fair France had won her worthiest triumph,
 Danced jubilant around the royal car.

SOREL.

They shouted—yes, they shouted that they trampled
 On their kind king's gentle and loving heart !

LA HIRE.

I saw the boy, young Harry Lancaster,
 Seated upon St. Lewis' royal throne !
 His haughty uncles there beside the child,
 Bedford and Glo'ster, stood ; anon Duke Philip
 Sinks down before the throne upon his knee,
 And takes the oath of homage for his lands.

KING CHARLES.

Dishonourable lord ! unworthy cousin !

LA HIRE.

The child was fearful ; and, as he ascended
 The lofty steps up to the throne, he stumbled.
 " An evil omen ! " muttered some around ;
 And straight arose a shrilling burst of laughter.
 Then came the queen, thy mother, forth, and—how
 Shall indignation speak it ?—

KING CHARLES.

Nay, go on.

LA HIRE.

She cast her arms around the boy, and then
 Set him herself upon thy father's throne.

KING CHARLES.

Oh, mother, mother !

LA HIRE.

Even the ravening horde
 Of fierce Burgundians, trained to massacre,
 Were burning red with shame at such a sight.
 She marked it well ; and, turning to the throng,
 She cried aloud, " Frenchmen, I claim your thanks
 For thus ennobling with a healthful branch

The sickly trunk, and guarding you from serving
A brainsick father's misbegotten son."

[*The King covers his face.* AGNES
embraces him.

DUNOIS.

Detested she-wolf! murder-breathing fury!

KING CHARLES (*after a pause, to the Councillors*).
You hear how matters stand. Tarry no longer.
Return to Orleans. Tell my loyal city
I here annul the oath of her allegiance;
Let her consult her safety, and surrender
Herself to Burgundy. If fame speak true,
He is "The Good;" he will be merciful.

DUNOIS.

How, sire? thou wouldst not, sure, surrender Orleans?

COUNCILLOR (*kneeling*).

My royal liege, withdraw not thou thy hand
From thy true subjects! Oh, abandon not
To England's cruel rule thy faithful city!
She is a noble jewel in thy crown,
And none more holily hath kept her faith
To the great kings thine ancestors.

DUNOIS.

What, sire!

Have we been beaten? is it to be borne
That, ere a blow be struck for this fair town,
We quit the field? canst thou, with one light word,
Resolve to give away thy noblest city
Out of the heart of France, even ere one drop
Of blood hath been expended for her rescue?

KING CHARLES.

Enough of blood hath flowed, and flowed in vain!
The heavy hand of Heaven is against me;
My army is o'erthrown in every battle;
My parliament has spurned me; and my people,
My very capital, receives my foes
With shouts of joy and triumph; nay, my kindred,
The nearest my heart's blood, forsake, betray me;
Nay, my own mother nourishes the brood

Of foes and strangers with a mother's breasts.
We will betake ourselves beyond the Loire,
And yield before the mighty hand of Heaven
That fights for England.

SOREL.

Heaven forfend the deed!
Forfend it, Heaven, that coward desperation
Should make us turn our backs upon our country!
That word came never from that gallant breast!
Thy mother's harsh, unnatural deed hath broke
The heart of my bold king: but thou wilt be
Thy princely self again; thy manly soul
Will grapple fiercely with the evil fate
That savagely assaults thee.

KING CHARLES (*lost in gloomy thought*).

Is't not true?

A dark and terrible destiny pursues
The race of great Valois; it is cast off
By Providence; a mother's crimes have brought
The furies into this devoted house;
Full twenty years my sire in frenzy pined;
Three elder brothers death hath mown away;
It is the manifest decree of Heaven
The house of the sixth Charles must fall for ever!

SOREL.

No; it shall find new youth, and rise in thee.
Trust thine own self. Oh, not in vain, believe me,
Hath a kind fortune spared thee—thee, the youngest
Of all the brothers—and, beyond thy thought,
Called thee to fill a throne. Thy gentle spirit
Hath Heaven prepared to be the chosen leech
Of all the wounds which the mad strife of parties
Hath dealt our bleeding country. Thou shalt quench,
My heart assures me, these devouring flames
Of civil strife; plant blessed peace instead,
And found thy land's prosperity anew.

KING CHARLES.

Not I. This rude and tempest-tossing time
Demands a strong and steady helmsman's hand.
I could have made a peaceful nation happy:
I cannot tame a wild and riotous people,

Or open with the sword hearts closed against me
By cold estrangement and hard hate.

SOREL.

Thy people
Are now intoxicate, blind, frenzied, fooled;
But this hallucination will pass o'er;
Nor distant now the day when shall awake
That love to the hereditary king
That lives deep-planted in the Frenchman's breast,—
Wake too the ancient hate and jealousy
Which ever part both realms, and keep them foes.
His own success o'erthrows the haughty conqueror.
Quit, then, with no precipitate haste the post
Assigned thee in this conflict; battle hard
For every foot of ground; as thine own breast,
Defend this Orleans: rather sink all barks,
Burn down all bridges, that can minister
Passage o'er that divorcement from thy realm,
The deadly Stygian water of the Loire.

KING CHARLES.

All I could do is done. Have I not challenged
My enemy to meet me as a knight,
And combat for my crown? I was refused.
In vain I lavish my good people's lives,
And my tall cities sink into the dust.
Shall I, then, let the sword divide my child,
Like that unnatural mother of old fame?
No: that my child may live, I will renounce it.

DUNOIS.

How, sire? is that the language of a king?
Part we with crowns thus lightly?—even the basest
Of all thy people sets his all and life
On hazard of his faction, love or hate.
Party is every thing when civil war
Hangs out the bloody flag; the husbandman
Forsakes the plough, the woman quits the spindle,
Even age and childhood arm them for the field;
The townsman burns his towns, the peasant kindles
With his own hands the promise of his harvest,
To harm thee or to profit thee, and compass
The wishes of his heart. Nothing he spares,

And looks not to be spared, when honour calls,
 And he is fighting for his gods—or idols.
 Away, then, with this weak and senseless pity,
 That ill beseems the bosom of a king.
 The war has been begun: let it rage out.
 Thyself, for no light cause, hast kindled it.
 Subjects must yield their wealth and life for princes;
 This is the universal law and fate;
 The Frenchman knows it, nor desires to change it.
 Shame on the worthless nation that would doubt
 To set its all upon the cast of honour
 With forward joy!

KING CHARLES (*to the Councillors*).

Expect no other answer.

Heaven be your aid and guide: I can no more.

DUNOIS.

Now so the God of battles cast thee off,
 As thou hast cast away thy father's crown!
 Thou hast thyself forsaken—I forsake thee.
 Not England linked with Burgundy o'erthrows thee,
 'Tis thine own baseness hurls thee from the throne:
 The kings of France of old were heroes born;
 Thou art a poor degenerate weakling.

[*To the Councillors.*

Sirs,

The king resigns you to your fate. But I
 Will straight repair to Orleans: 'tis the city
 Of my great father; and beneath its ruins
 His son will make his grave.

[*As he is leaving, SOREL detains him.*

SOREL (*to the King*).

Oh, stay him! stay him!

Oh, let him not depart from thee in wrath!
 Rude speech is on his tongue: but his bold heart
 Is true as gold; it loves thee warm as ever,
 Even as when oft it bled for thee.—Dunois,
 Come now, acknowledge that the generous warmth
 Of indignation carries thee too far.—
 And thou, my prince, forgive thy faithful friend
 His hasty language. Let me reconcile
 Your noble hearts immediately, ere anger

Precipitate break forth in quenchless flame,
And overwhelm you both in ruin.

[DUNOIS gazes attentively at the King,
and seems to await an answer.]

KING CHARLES.

Du Châtel,
We cross the Loire. Bring our effects on board.

DUNOIS (*to SOREL, hastily*).

Farewell! [He turns and leaves in haste.
Councillors follow.]

SOREL.

Oh, if he leaves us, all is lost!
Seek him, La Hire! oh, strive to pacify him!

[Exit LA HIRE.]

SCENE VI.

KING CHARLES.

Is, then, a crown the solitary good?
Is it such bitterness of grief to lose one?
I know a pang far sharper, to be mastered
By these untamed and overweening spirits,
And live from day to day upon the mercy
Of haughty headstrong vassals. That indeed
Would break a noble heart—far bitterer than
Than thus to lie beneath the hand of fate.—

[To DU CHÂTEL, who lingers.]

Do thou our bidding.

DU CHÂTEL (*falling at his feet*).

O my royal master!

KING CHARLES.

It is decided. Say not one word more.

DU CHÂTEL.

Make peace with Burgundy!—there is no hope
But this for thy deliverance.

KING CHARLES.

Dost thou counsel
A peace which I must seal with thy heart's blood?

DU CHÂTEL.

Here is my head! oft in the battle-field
 Have I adventured it for thee, and now
 For thee with joy I lay it on the block.
 Appease the angry duke; surrender me
 To all the fury of his wrath, and let
 My streaming blood atone his ancient hate.

KING CHARLES (*looking at him a while in silent emotion*).
 Is it, then, true? goes it so ill with me,
 That e'en my friends, who read my inmost heart,
 Point to deliverance by the road of shame?
 Yes, now indeed I feel how deep my fall,
 When those who know me best least trust my honour.

DU CHÂTEL.

Bethink thee——

KING CHARLES.

Not a word! incense me not!
 Though I should turn my back upon ten kingdoms,
 I ransom not myself with a friend's life.
 Go and perform my bidding: go and see
 My warlike stores embarked.

DU CHÂTEL.

It shall be done

Immediately.

[*Exit.* AGNES weeps.]

SCENE VII.

KING CHARLES (*pressing her hand*).

Be not distressed, my Agnes.

Even beyond the Loire there lies a France:
 We are departing to a happier land,
 Where smiles a soft and never-clouded sky;
 Where gentle breezes breathe, and kinder spirits
 Await to welcome us; where minstrelsy
 Abides, and love and life more beauteous bloom.

SOREL.

Oh, that I must behold this day of woe!
 The king must go to banishment! the son
 Wander a stranger from his father's home,

And from the cradle of his infancy
Turn in disgrace away. O lovely land,
And must we leave thee, never more in joy
To tread thy cherished precinct?

SCENE VIII.

Enter LA HIRE.

SOREL.

What, La Hire!

Alone? returned without him? what is this?
What speaks thine eye? O say what new misfortune
Hath chanced.

LA HIRE.

Misfortune, lady, is exhausted;
The clouds are past—the sunshine breaks again.

SOREL.

What mean'st thou? speak!

LA HIRE (*to the King*).

Recal the messengers
From Orleans.

KING CHARLES.

Wherefore? what has happened now?

LA HIRE.

Recal the messengers: thy fortunes turn;
A battle has been fought; thou art victorious.

SOREL.

Victorious! heavenly music of that word!

KING CHARLES.

La Hire, some baseless rumour mocks thy brain.
Victorious!—I'll believe no victories now.

LA HIRE.

Thou wilt full soon, and greater marvels too.
Here comes the Archbishop, and conducts the Bastard
Back to thine arms.

SOREL.

Sweet flowers of victory,

That bear at once those noble fruits of heaven,
Peace and forgiveness!

SCENE IX.

Enter ARCHBISHOP OF RHEIMS, DUNOIS, DU CHÂTEL, *with*
RAOUL, *a knight armed cap-à-pié.*

ARCHBISHOP (*leads the Bastard to the King, and joins*
their hands).

Princes, an embrace!

Let enmity and strife depart for ever,
Since Heaven has now declared upon our side.

[DUNOIS *embraces the King.*

KING CHARLES.

Release me from suspense and wonderment.
What would this solemn, earnest mood imply?
What wrought this sudden change?

ARCHBISHOP (*leads the Knight forward, and presents him*
to the King).

Inform his majesty.

RAOUL.

We had enlisted sixteen companies,
Men of Lorraine, to aid our sovereign's host;
And Baudricour, a knight of Vaucouleurs,
Was chieftain of our band. When now we reached
The heights at Vermanton, and were descending
Into the vale whose lap sustains the Yonne,
On the broad plain before us stood the foe;
And, as we gazed behind us, lances flashed:
We saw too well both armies hemmed us in;
No hope was now of conquest, nor of flight;
The boldest hearts died down, and wild despair
Possessed us all, and counselled base surrender.
As now the chiefs sought counsel with each other—
Sought, but found not—behold, before our eyes
A strange miraculous spectacle arose!
For, suddenly, from out the woodland depths
Stept forth a maid, with helmed and plumèd head,
Like a war-goddess, beautiful at once
And terrible to view; around her neck

In dusky ringlets fell her hair; a gleam
 From heaven appeared to wrap her lofty form,
 As thus in elevated tone she spoke:
 "Why tremble ye, bold Frenchmen? — on the foe!
 And were they more than there are sands in ocean,
 God and the holy Maiden lead you on!"
 And therewith from the standard-bearer's hand
 She seized the banner, and before the van
 With gallant bearing rushed the mighty maid.
 Mute with astonishment, involuntary
 We follow our tall banner and its bearer,
 And pour a stormy torrent on the foe,
 Who stood all thunderstruck and motionless,
 With wide and open stare of vacancy
 Gazing upon the wondrous spectacle;
 Then, swift, as though a panic dread from heaven
 Had seized his craven heart, he turned him round
 To flight; and, hurling sword and shield away,
 The host disbands itself o'er all the plain.
 Vain was the war-cry—vain the chieftain's call;
 Unmanned with dread, without one backward glance,
 Rushed man and steed into the river's bed,
 And sank without a struggle. 'Twas no fight;
 Call it a slaughter rather! on the field
 Two thousand corpses of the foe we found,
 And countless numbers perished in the flood;
 While not one man was missing from our band.

KING CHARLES.

Strange, as I live! most passing strange and wondrous!

SOREL.

And did a maiden work this miracle?
 Whence came she? and who is she?

RAOUL.

Who she is

She will discover only to the king.
 She styles herself a heaven-sent prophetess,
 And promises to rescue Orleans
 Ere yet the moon shall change. The people trust
 Her wondrous tale, and thirst for battle now.
 She follows now the army, and will soon
 Be here. *[Ring of bells and clash of arms.]*

Hark to those shouts! those chimes of joy!
'Tis she! the people hail the elect of Heaven!

KING CHARLES (*to DU CHÂTEL*).

Go, fetch her in.

[*To the Archbishop,*

What must I think of this?

A maiden brings me victory! victory, too,
Where nothing but a god could give deliverance!
'Tis no event of ordinary nature;
Say, may I credit miracles?

VOICES BEHIND.

Hurra!

Hail to the maiden! Hail our great deliverer!

KING CHARLES.

She comes!—Dunois, take thou our place awhile;
We will make trial of this wondrous maid.
If she be messenger inspired of Heaven,
She will be able to trace out her king.

[*DUNOIS sits down; the King stands on his right; next him
AGNES SOREL; the Archbishop with the others opposite.
The middle space remains vacant.*

SCENE X.

*Enter JOANNA, attended by the Councillors and many Knights,
who fill the background. She advances forward with a
noble mien, and gazes at the bystanders in order.*

DUNOIS (*after deep and solemn silence*).

Marvellous maiden! art thou she who—

JOANNA.

Stay,

Bastard of Orleans! thou wouldst tempt thy ruin!
Vacate that place at once that ill becomes thee!
My mission is to this thy master here.

[*She advances with a firm step to the King, drops one knee
before him, rises immediately, and recedes. All pre-
sent express astonishment. DUNOIS leaves the seat,
and space is cleared before the King.*

KING CHARLES.

Thou seest my face for the first time this day :
Whence knowest thou me thus instantly ?

JOANNA.

I saw thee
When human eye, save mine, was none beheld thee.
[*She approaches the King, and speaks in an undertone.*
Bethink thee ! In the dead time of last night,
When all around thee lay in deepest slumber,
Thou didst arise from thy uneasy couch,
And breathedst forth a fervent prayer. Let these
Depart, and I will tell thee all the matter
And drift of thy petition.

KING CHARLES.

What I trusted
To Heaven, I reck not to conceal from man.
Speak out the matter of my orison,
And I will make no question of thy mission.

JOANNA.

Three were the prayers that thou didst offer then.
Dauphin, attend ! mark if I rightly name them.
Thy first was this : if store of lawless wealth
Cleaved to thy crown, or unatonèd guilt
Of others, from thy old forefathers' days,
Had called upon thee this disastrous war,
Then that thyself might be the accepted victim
For thy land's trespass, and upon thy head
Alone the vial of Heaven's wrath descend.

KING CHARLES (*starting back in alarm*).

Who art thou, mighty being ? whence com'st thou ?

JOANNA.

This was the second prayer that thou didst offer :
If it were Heaven's high will and fixed decree
To wrench the sceptre from thy princely line,
And tear from thee whate'er of power thy sires,
Kings of this realm, enjoyed ; then thou didst crave
Three only blessings—a contented mind,
Thy friends' attachment, and thy Agnes' love.

[*The King covers his face, weeping bitterly ; the by-standers express great astonishment. After a pause :*
Now shall I name to thee thy third petition ?

KING CHARLES.

Enough ! I do believe thee ! this transcends
All human power ! Thy mission is from Heaven.

ARCHBISHOP.

Who art thou, holy and most wondrous maid ?
What happy land hath borne thee ? Speak ! and who
The parents, loved of Heaven, who gave thy being ?

JOANNA.

Most reverend lord, Joanna is my name.
I am but the poor daughter of a hind
Of my king's village, Dom Remi, which lies
Within the precinct of the church of Toul ;
And from a child I kept my father's sheep.
And much and oft I heard my neighbours tell
Of island strangers, who had crossed the sea
To enslave our country, and subject our people
To lords of foreign race, unloved, unknown ;
And how already they, with wrongful might,
Had seized the city Paris, and presumed
To claim the sovereign mastery of the realm :
Then did I to the Mother of my God
Make urgent supplication, that her power
Would save us from the stranger's shameful yoke,
And shield our lawful native prince from harm.
Now, at the entrance of my native village
There stands, revered from dark antiquity,
The Virgin Mother's holy effigy,
To which full many a pious pilgrimage
Was customed to be made ; and, hard thereby,
A consecrated oak, of power, renowned
Through countless wonders, blessings to impart.
Well loved I in the oak's broad shade to sit
Tending my flocks : some instinct drew me thither ;
And oft as lambs strayed on the upland wolds,
Did I but sleep in shadow of that oak,
Dreams taught me where to seek them, and I found.
And once, when I had sat the livelong night
In orison devout beneath that tree,
And battled with invading sleep—behold !
The holy Maid herself approached me, bearing

A sword and banner ; for the rest arrayed
 In pastoral weeds, like me ; and thus bespake ;
 “ ’Tis I. Arise, Joanna ! leave thy flocks ;
 Heaven calls thee to another charge ! Arise !
 Receive this banner ! gird thee with this sword !
 With this exterminate thy people’s foes,
 And lead to Rheims thy lord’s imperial son,
 And set the royal crown upon his head.”
 Then I replied : “ How should a tender maid,
 Unskilled in murderous war, presume to guide
 So great and perilous emprise ? ” But she
 Instant rejoined : “ A pure and stainless virgin
 Accomplishes the mightiest deeds on earth,
 Where she resists the lures of earthly passion.
 Look upon me : like thee, a maiden chaste,
 I had the grace to bear a birth divine,
 And am divine myself.” And then she touched
 My drooping lids ; and, as I upward gazed,
 All heaven was full of quiring cherubim,
 Bearing white lilies in their gentle hands,
 While notes celestial floated on the air.
 And thus on three successive nights appeared
 The holy Maid, and cried, “ Arise, Joanna !
 Heaven calls thee to another charge ! arise ! ”
 And when in the third night she came to me,
 With wrathful chiding thus did she rebuke me :
 “ Obedience is the woman’s part on earth,
 And patient suffering her appointed state ;
 By service hard must she approve her worth :
 Who serves below, shall there above be great.”
 And therewith from her fell the pastoral garb,
 And in the splendour of the sunlight there
 She stood, the queenly majesty of heaven ;
 And golden clouds enwrapped her, and she vanished,
 Gradual ascending to the land of bliss.

*[SOREL, weeping, hides her face on the King’s
breast.]*

ARCHBISHOP *(after some silence)*.

In face of attestation so divine
 All doubts of human prudence must be silent.
 The fact assures the truth of all she speaks :
 Omnipotence alone can work such marvels.

DUNOIS.

'Tis not her marvels, 'tis her face I trust,
And the pure innocence that lights her eye.

KING CHARLES.

And can it be that I, poor sinful wretch,
Am worthy such high grace?—all-searching Eye
Infallible, thou seest my inmost heart,
And know'st how lowly of myself I deem!

JOANNA.

Bright shines above a king's humility:
Thou bow'st thyself—Heaven hath exalted thee.

KING CHARLES.

Shall I, then, crush our foemen in the field?

JOANNA.

France will I prostrate at thy feet perforce.

KING CHARLES.

And Orleans, thou tell'st me, will not yield?

JOANNA.

Sooner shall Loire mount backward to his source.

KING CHARLES.

And shall I then to Rheims triumphant go?

JOANNA.

I lead thee through the thousands of the foe.

*[All the knights strike their lances on their shields,
and shew eagerness for battle.]*

DUNOIS.

Set the bold maiden at our army's head:
We follow blind, whitherso'er she leads,
Virgin divine!—her vision-gifted eye
Shall be our loadstar, and this trusty brand
Shall shield her from all peril!

LA HIRE.

Let her lead

Our hosts, and we despise a world in arms!
The God of victory at her side doth fight!
We follow to the strife the maid of might!

[The knights clash their arms, and advance.]

KING CHARLES.

Yes, holy maiden, do thou lead my power,
And all its princes be at thy behest.
This sword, the ensign of the highest office
Of military honour, which in wrath
The Constable hath sent us back, hath found
A worthier hand. Receive it, and henceforth
Be, holy prophetess——

JOANNA.

Nay, noble Dauphin:
Not by this instrument of fleshly strength
Is victory appointed to my lord.
I will achieve it by another sword,
Which I will shew thee, even as Heaven hath taught me:
Command it to be brought.

KING CHARLES.

Name it, Joanna.

JOANNA.

Send to the ancient city of Fierbois;
And there, within St. Katharine's churchyard,
There is a vault; much iron lies within,
The spoil of conquered foes, heaps piled on heaps,
From age to age; beneath them all there lies
The sword that must do service in this hand.
It is conspicuous by three golden lilies
Engraven on the blade. Send for that sword,
For by it thou shalt conquer.

KING CHARLES.

Do her bidding.

JOANNA.

And let me bear a banner of pure white,
Bordered with hem of purple; and thereon
Be the victorious Queen of heaven displayed,
With the eternal Babe, hovering in air
Above the orb of earth: such were the forms
The holy Mother shewed me.

KING CHARLES.

Be it so,
Even as thyself hast said.

JOANNA.

Most reverend bishop,
Now lay on me thy sacerdotal hand,
And speak thy benediction o'er thy daughter. [Kneels.

ARCHBISHOP.

Thou hast commission to distribute blessings,
Not to receive them. Go in might divine! [She rises.
We are unworthy sinners.

Enter an Esquire.

ESQUIRE.

Please it you,
My liege and lords, a herald from the chiefs
Of England craves admission to your presence.

JOANNA.

Then let him enter: he is sent of Heaven.
[The King makes a sign to the Esquire, who exits.

SCENE XI.

Enter the Herald.

KING CHARLES.

What is thy message, herald? speak thine errand.

HERALD.

Who in this presence represents the state
Of Charles of Valois, County of Ponthieu?

DUNOIS.

Unworthy herald! despicable boy!
And hast thou the effrontery to deny
The King of France in his own territory?
Thy tabard is thy guard, else shouldest thou——

HERALD.

France but acknowledges one only king,
And his abode is in the English camp.

KING CHARLES.

Be calm, good cousin. Herald, speak thine errand.

HERALD.

My noble chieftain, sorrowing for the blood

That yet has flowed, and must, should he persist
To press his conquests, yet restrains the swords
Of all his ardent warriors in the sheath,
And, ere assaulted Orleans fall in ruin,
Tenders thee liberal capitulation.

KING CHARLES.

Well, say it.

JOANNA.

Sire, permit me in thy stead
To parley with this herald.

KING CHARLES.

Do so, maiden :
Do thou decide whether for peace or war.

JOANNA (*to the Herald*).

Who sends thee hither, speaking by thy mouth?

HERALD.

The Earl of Salisbury, the English general.

JOANNA.

Herald, thou liest! that lord speaks not by thee—
The living only speak, and not the dead.

HERALD.

My general lives in all the flower of health
And strength, to the destruction of you all.

JOANNA.

He lived at thy departure; but this morn
A shot from Orleans stretched him in the dust,
While he was gazing from La Tournelle's tower.
Dost laugh when I reveal the distant to thee?
Trust not my tale; distrust not thine own eyes!
His corse, by mourning friends begirt, shall meet thee
As thy feet enter on the English camp.
Now, herald, speak the tenour of thy errand.

HERALD.

Since thou canst lift the veil of secrecy,
Thou know'st my message now ere I declare it.

JOANNA.

I need not to be told it. But do thou
Take now mine own, and to the lords who sent thee
Proclaim the Maiden's message: King of England!

And you, ye dukes, who desolate this realm,
Bedford and Glo'ster! to the King of Heaven
Account for all the blood your arms have shed;
Surrender up the keys of all the cities
Which ye, against all right and laws divine,
Have wrested from our hands. From Heaven's high King
The Maiden comes to tender you fair peace
Or bloody war. Make your election;
For this I warn you, that ye err no more:
Our beauteous France is not assigned to you
By Mary's Son; but Charles, my lord and dauphin,
In royal majesty shall enter Paris,
Begirt by all the nobles of his realm.
Now, herald, speed thee on thy way; and ere
Thou canst again the camp of England see,
And bear my word, the Maiden's self is there,
And plants on Orleans' towers the sign of victory.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A country bounded by rocks.

*Enter TALBOT, LIONEL, BURGUNDY, FASTOLF, and CHATILLON,
with soldiers and colours.*

TALBOT.

Halt we beneath these rocks; here pitch our camp,
And fortify it well. Perchance our care
May here recal our scattered stragglers back,
Who fled in the first panic. Keep good watch;
Guard well the eminences: night, indeed,
Secures us from pursuit; and if the foe
Move not on wings, I fear no new assault.
Yet had we need be circumspect: we deal
With a bold enemy, and have been beaten.

[Exit FASTOLF with soldiers.]

LIONEL.

Beaten, my chief! name not the word again!
I cannot trust myself to think that France
This day hath seen the backs of Englishmen.
O Orleans, Orleans! grave of our renown!
How on thy fields lies England's honour low!
O most ridiculous and most base discomfiture!
How shall posterity believe the tale?
The conquerors of Poitiers, of Cressy,
Of Agincourt, down-hunted by a woman!

BURGUNDY.

Our comfort must be this—no earthly hand
O'ercame us: we were routed by the devil.

TALBOT.

No devil save our folly. Burgundy,
Shall princely hearts be scared by old wives' fables?
Your superstition cloaks but sorrily
Your cowardice. Your men were first to run.

BURGUNDY.

None kept his post: the flight was general.

TALBOT.

Nay, good my lord ! on your wing it began :
You rushed precipitate on our camp, and shouted—
“ Hell is broke loose, and Satan fights for France ! ”
And thus ye brought the rest into confusion.

LIONEL.

It cannot be denied. Your wing was first
To yield.

BURGUNDY.

Because the first attack was there.

TALBOT.

The maiden knew the weak side of our camp :
She knew where fear was to be found.

BURGUNDY.

How now ?

Must Burgundy be blamed for this disaster ?

LIONEL.

Now, by my halidom ! had we fought alone,
We Englishmen would never have lost Orleans !

BURGUNDY.

No, in good sooth ; for never had ye seen it.
Who bridged the pathway for you to this kingdom,
Gave you the hand of friendship and true faith,
Soon as ye trod this strange and hostile coast ?
Who crowned your Henry in the halls of Paris,
And cast beneath his sway the hearts of France ?
By this good arm, had it not brought you here,
Ye had not seen the smoke mount from one chimney
Of all the hearths of France !

LIONEL.

If by big words,

Lord duke, great deeds were done, well might your highness
Have by your single might o'ercome all France.

BURGUNDY.

Your spleen is roused that Orleans has escaped you ;
And now you vent your bile and wrath on me,
Your true confederate and ally. And wherefore
Hath Orleans escaped us ? was it not
Because you could not brook that it should yield
To any but yourselves ? It was prepared

To yield itself to me. You, you alone,
Your paltry jealousy hath been the hindrance.

TALBOT.

Well! it was not for you that we beseiged it.

BURGUNDY.

How would you fare, did I withdraw my power?

LIONEL.

Not worse, believe me, than at Agincourt,
Where we were matched with you and with all France.

BURGUNDY.

Yet then our friendship's need was sorely felt,
And the destroyer of our realm was fain
To buy it dearly.

TALBOT.

Yes; and dearly, dearly,
Have we this day, in sight of Orleans, paid
The purchase with our honour.

BURGUNDY.

Urge me not,
Lord Talbot, further! you may yet repent it!
Left I the rightful banners of my lord,
And heaped upon my head the traitor's name,
To brook such flouting from a foreigner?
What do I here in arms against my country?
If I must serve an ingrate, I will serve
My own legitimate and native sovereign.

TALBOT.

We know your secret dealings with the dauphin;
But we will find the means to guard us yet
From all your treasons.

BURGUNDY.

Death and malison!
Must I be thus encountered? Ho, Chatillon,
Bid all my people bounè them for departure:
We will return unto our land. [Exit CHATILLON.]

LIONEL.

Joy speed you!
Ne'er was the Englishman's renown more bright
Than when, relying on his own good sword

Alone, he fought unaided, unallied.
Let each fight his own battle; the old truth
Stands true for evermore—French blood and English,
Like oil and water, ne'er commingle kindly.

SCENE II.

Enter QUEEN ISABEL, attended by a Page.

ISABEL,

What must I hear, my lords? no more of this!
What brain-distracting planet hath bewildered
Your healthful senses thus, that now, when nought
But closest concord can maintain your cause,
You separate in hot hate, and madly thus
By mutual strife prepare your mutual ruin?
I do entreat thee, noble duke, recal
Thy rash command. And thou, renowned Talbot,
Appease the fierce wrath of thine angry friend.
Come, Lionel, and help me to unite
These haughty spirits in fair amity,
And bind firm reconciliation 'twixt them twain.

LIONEL.

Lady, not I. 'Tis all alike to me.
My voice is this—who cannot keep together
Do best to part at once.

ISABEL.

How? can it be
That hell's dark glamour, which hath proved of late
So ruinous in fight, is still at work
Even here, to infatuate our wildered sense?
Speak! who began the quarrel? My good lord,
[To TALBOT,

Have you been so regardless of your weal
To slight your priceless friend? what could you work
Without that arm? he built your king his throne;
He stays him or o'erthrows him at his will;
His arms uphold you, and yet more his name,
All England, though her universal force
Should inundate our shores, would nought avail
This realm to vanquish, were it but united;
France only can be conqueror of France.

TALBOT.

We know full well to honour a true friend :
'Tis wisdom's part to arm us 'gainst the false.

BURGUNDY.

Where gratitude is faithlessly cast off,
The liar's shameless front is never wanting.

ISABEL.

How, noble duke? can you so far renounce
All sense of shame, all pride of princely honour,
To lay your hand on that which wears the stain
Of your good father's blood? can you so rave,
To dream of cordial reconciliation
Between you and the dauphin, whom yourself
Have hurled even to the brink of utter ruin?
So near his fall, would you stand forth to save him,
And your own work with frantic hand undo?
Here stand your friends. In England's firm alliance
Rest all your hopes of safety and success.

BURGUNDY.

Far is my thought from treaty with the dauphin;
Yet can I never brook the scornful pride
And wanton arrogance of haughty England.

ISABEL.

Come! pardon one rash word: sore is the weight
That presses on the soul of him who bears
The charge of armies; and disasters oft
Make justest minds injurious. Come, embrace!
Let me with healing hand close up this breach
Forthwith, and ere it be incurable.

TALBOT.

What say you, Burgundy? a noble heart
Will cheerfully allow itself o'ercome
By sage advice. The queen hath counselled well;
Let, then, this friendly grasp atone the wounds
Which my unmannered tongue o'erhasty dealt.

BURGUNDY.

The lady spake discreetly, and I yield
My righteous wrath to stern necessity.

ISABEL.

'Tis well! now seal the renovated bond

With brotherly embrace! and all the past
May the winds scatter to the ends of heaven!

[BURGUNDY and TALBOT embrace.

LIONEL (*aside, observing the rest*).

Joy speed the peace established by a fury!

ISABEL.

Well, lords! a battle has been lost: what then?
Dark fortune was against us; ne'ertheless
Let not your towering valour droop. The dauphin,
Desperate of heavenly aid, invokes to rescue
The artifice of Satan. Let him sell
His soul for nought to measureless perdition,
And miss deliverance e'en from his own hell.
A conquering maiden leads the foe's array;
I will lead yours! I will supply the place
Of prophetess and champion.

LIONEL.

Never, lady!
Speed you forthwith to Paris! we would conquer
With our good swords, and not by women's hands.

TALBOT.

Go! go! since you were in the camp, success
Has gone; no blessing now attends our arms.

BURGUNDY.

Go! go! your presence here works nothing good;
Our warriors sicken at thy sight.

ISABEL.

How? you!
You, Burgundy, allied against me with
These thankless lords?

BURGUNDY.

Go, go! the soldier loses
Both confidence and courage, soon as he
Believes himself a champion of your cause.

ISABEL.

Scarce have I stablished peace betwixt you twain;
And make you thus confederacy against me?

TALBOT.

Go, madam, and good angels speed your going!
We fear no fiends when you are once away.

ISABEL.

Am I not, then, your good and true ally?
Is not your cause my own?

TALBOT.

Yours is not ours.
We wage a just and honourable strife.

BURGUNDY.

I battle to avenge a father's murder;
Pure filial duty consecrates my arms.

TALBOT.

Out then! avaunt! your conduct to the dauphin
Outrages human feeling, heavenly right.

ISABEL.

My malison to his tenth generation!
He hath wrought shame against a mother's head.

BURGUNDY.

He but avenged a father and a husband.

ISABEL.

He made himself the umpire of my morals.

LIONEL.

That was not quite respectful of the son!

ISABEL.

And then he drove me into banishment.

TALBOT.

In deference to the universal voice.

ISABEL.

Forgiveness part from me when I forgive him!
And, ere he reigns upon his father's throne——

TALBOT.

You, madam, will lay down his mother's honour.

ISABEL.

Mean, feeble spirits! little can ye know
The power that fills an injured mother's heart!
I love the hand that works me good, and hate
The hand that wounds; be it mine only son's,
The worthier he my hate for that I bore him.
I gave him being; I will tear it from him,

When he with reckless wanton insolence
Casts scandal on the fountain of his blood.
But ye, who lead your powers against my son,
Can shew no ground, no warrant, for the deed.
Where is the dauphin's trespass against *you*?
What duty, what allegiance, hath he broken?
No; sordid lust of honour, vulgar envy,
Impel you. I may hate him—I have borne him.

TALBOT.

Well! and he feels his mother in her vengeance.

ISABEL.

Poor grovelling hypocrites! how I despise ye!
Ye cozeners of yourselves, as of the world!
You Englishmen stretch forth the hand of rapine
After this France, where you possess no right
Or claim available for so much earth
As one steed's hoof can cover. And this duke,
Who styles himself The Good, sets out to sale
His native land, the birthright of his sires,
To foreign masters and the kingdom's foes.
And then, forsooth, your every other word
Is "justice." I abhor hypocrisy;
Let the world see me as I am.

BURGUNDY.

'Tis true!

You, madam, have avouched with fearless spirit
The witness of the world.

ISABEL.

I have my feelings,
Like others; and I came into this land
Not to appear, but be and live, a queen.
What! must I die to joy, because the wrath
Of fate hath linked the springtide of my life
To a lean-witted lord? No! more than life
I love my freedom! he who wounds me here—
But wherefore litigate my rights with you?
You, in whose veins the thick and clammy blood
Lags heavily; who know no pleasure, save,
Perchance, what pleasure ye may find in fury!
And this "good" duke, who from his very birth
Hath oscillated between good and evil,

Hath neither heart to love nor heart to hate.
Well may ye serve war's lubbard task to ply :
Frenchmen alone with arms blend courtesy. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

TALBOT.

'Tis a strange dame !

LIONEL.

Now, your intentions, lords !
Are we to flee yet further, or retrace
Our ground, and by a bold and instant blow
Obliterate the dishonour of this day ?

BURGUNDY.

We are too weak ; our people are dispersed ;
The panic in the army is too recent.

TALBOT.

'Twas but a blind alarm that overcame us—
The transient impress of a single moment.
This bugbear of a scared imagination
Will, viewed more near, dissolve itself to nought.
Wherefore my counsel is, we lead our power,
At the first glimpse of dawn, back o'er the flood,
To battle with the foe.

BURGUNDY.

Reflect—

LIONEL.

My lords,
So please you, here is nought for your reflection.
We must regain the honour we have lost,
And quickly too, or be disgraced for ever.

TALBOT.

It is decided. With to-morrow's dawn
We march to quell this phantom of affright,
Which thus unmans and blinds our chivalry.
Let us in personal and direct encounter
Measure our prowess with this maid-like fiend.
Should she make head against our gallant swords,
She shall have wrought us shame for the last time ;
But should she not,—and, mark me, she declines
The first encounter,—then the spell is broken.

LIONEL.

So be it, then! and leave to me, my chief,
This gamesome, bloodless image of a fray.
For well I ween to catch this sprite alive;
And in these arms, before her gallant's eyes,
The Bastard, to bear off the sorceress.

BURGUNDY.

Make no rash promise.

TALBOT.

Let me once attain her,
I mean to shew her little gallantry.
Meantime let us recruit o'erwearied nature
With light but needful slumber; and when morn
Crimsons the morrow's sky, up and away!

SCENE IV.

JOANNA *with the flag, in helmet and corslet, otherwise in female attire.* DUNOIS, LA HIRE, knights and soldiers, appear above on the rocky path, pass quietly along, and immediately after appear on the stage.

JOANNA (*to the knights who surround her, while the troops above continue advancing*).

Past is the rampart! we have gained the camp!
Now fling the veil of secret-shrouding night,
That hid your noiseless march, away, and make
Your terror-striking presence to the foe
Known by your loud war-shout—God and the Maid!

ALL (*with wild clash of arms*).

God and the Maid! [Drums and trumpets.

SENTINELS (*without*).

The foe! the foe! the foe!

JOANNA.

Ho! torches there! fling fire upon the tents!
With fury of the flame augment their terrors!
Let death threat all around, and gird them in!

[Soldiers rush out; she is following.

DUNOIS (*detains her*).

Well hast thou now fulfilled thy part, Joanna!
Thine arm hath led thy friends to the mid-camp,

And to our hands consigned the enemy.
Now keep thee from the perilous strife apart,
And leave to us the bloody consummation.

LA HIRE.

Point thou the path of victory to our host,
In thy pure hand before us bear the banner,
But wield not thou thyself the deathful sword.
Tempt not the treacherous fortune of the fight,
That blind and merciless stalks o'er the field.

JOANNA.

Who dares command me halt? who dares prescribe
Laws to the Spirit that leads me? the true shaft
Must onward to the faithful archer's mark.
Where peril is, there must Joanna be:
Not now, not here, is it my fate to fall;
I must behold my prince a crownèd king.
This life no foe shall wrest from me, until
The work by Heaven appointed I fulfil.

[*Exit.*

LA HIRE.

Come on, Dunois! and follow we this maid,
And lend her our stout breasts for shield and shelter!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

English soldiers in flight across the stage.

FIRST SOLDIER.

The maid! in the mid-camp!

SECOND SOLDIER.

Impossible!

How came she hither?

THIRD SOLDIER:

Marry, through the air!

The foul fiend helps her!

FOURTH *and* FIFTH SOLDIERS.

Flee! we're all dead men!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter TALBOT.

TALBOT.

They hear no more! they will not stand for me!

Burst are all bands of goodly discipline !
 As though the legions of the doomèd spirits
 Were swarming earthward from the infernal gulf,
 One wildering frenzy hurries brainless forward
 The coward and the brave ! not one small band
 Can I oppose to this broad living torrent,
 Which, swelling, surging, bursts into the camp !
 Have I alone my senses ? and must all
 Around me rave in fever and delirium ?
 What ! flee before these weakling fops of France,
 Whom we have overthrown in twenty fights !
 Who is she, then, the unconquerable Maid,
 The goddess of Affright, who turns at once
 The tide of battles, and a trembling herd
 Of rascal deer converts to generous lions ?
 Shall juggling wenches, taught by rote to play
 The part of heroines, terrify true heroes ?
 One woman tear the glory from my name ?

SOLDIER (*rushing in*).

The maid ! flee ! flee, my general !

TALBOT (*cutting him down*).

Flee thyself,
 And to perdition ! this good sword shall drink
 His best heart's blood who dares to speak to me
 Of ignominious fear and coward flight !

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

The scene opens, and the English camp is discovered in flames.

Drums. Flight and pursuit. After a while, enter MONTGOMERY.

MONTGOMERY.

Whither betake me ? foes and death around !
 Here the fierce chief, who, with impending sword,
 Blocking all refuge, drives us back on death ;
 There she, the terrible, who deals around
 Destruction like yon flame ! no sheltering thicket
 In all the prospect ! no kind harbouring cave !
 Oh, would that never I had crossed the seas,
 Wretch that I am ! an idle whim befooled me,
 To seek cheap honour in the wars of France ;

And now my ruinous destiny has brought me
 Into this bloody slaughter. Oh, were I
 In my far home on Severn's flowery shore,
 Beneath my sire's safe rooftree, where my mother
 Lingers in grief with my sweet gentle bride!

[JOANNA appears at a distance.

Horror! what see I? 'tis the fearful one!
 She looms across the lurid conflagration
 Like a night-spectre from the jaws of hell.
 Oh, whither can I run? she fascinates me
 Already with those eyes of fire! she flings
 The meshes of her never-erring glance
 Around her victim! fast and faster twine
 Around my feet the charmed cords that fetter
 My steps from flight! What though my struggling heart
 Heaves mutinous, I must face the dreadful form!

[JOANNA makes a few steps forwards,
 and stands opposite to him.

She comes! I will not tarry till the fury
 Falls on me first: I will embrace her knees,
 And pray her for my life! she is a woman;
 Haply my tears may wake some nature in her.

[As he is approaching her, she rushes
 suddenly upon him.

SCENE VII.

JOANNA.

An English mother bore thee! thou must die!

MONTGOMERY (*falling at her feet*).

Stay, fearful one! stay! slay not the defenceless!
 Both shield and sword I now have cast away,
 And fall an unarmed suppliant at thy feet.
 Leave me the light of life! accept a ransom!
 Right wealthy is my sire, who dwells afar
 In the fair land of Wales, where winding Severn
 Through verdant meadows rolls his silver flood;
 And fifteen villages confess him lord.
 With golden guerdon would he buy his child,
 Knew he me living in the camp of France.

JOANNA.

Deluded fool! poor lost one! thou art fallen
Into the hand of the destroying Maid,
Whence thou canst hope nor rescue nor release.
Had thy mishap but flung thee in the jaws
Of scaly crocodile or spotted pard,—
Hadst thou but robbed the lioness of her brood,—
These might have found a heart to pity thee:
But thou hast met the Maiden! and 'tis death.
For to the strong inviolable realm
Of spirits, by dread contract, stand I bound
Each living substance with the sword to slay
The fate of battle dooms to my encounter.

MONTGOMERY.

Stern is thy speech, but gentle is thine eye;
It is no terror to behold thee near;
My heart attracts me to the lovely form.
Oh, by the mildness of thy gentle kind,
I supplicate—compassionate my youth!

JOANNA.

Nay, speak not of my kind! call me not woman!
Like incorporeal spirits, that own no sex,
I hold affinity with no division
Of humankind. This corslet wraps no heart.

MONTGOMERY.

Oh, by the holy law and strength of love,
The reverence of all hearts, I do conjure thee!
I have at home a kind and lovely bride,
Fair as thyself, blooming in youthful charms,
Who weeping tarries for her love's return.
Oh, if thou hop'st thyself to love, and hop'st
That love should bless thee, part not pitiless
Two hearts that Love in holy band hath twined!

JOANNA.

Thou dost invoke strange gods, mere earth-born idols;
I worship not, nor own them. Nought I heed
Of Love, or of his ties, by which thou pray'st me,
And never will I learn his idle service.
Defend thy life! for Death hath summoned thee.

MONTGOMERY.

Oh, then have pity on my sorrowing parents,

Whom I have left at home! Yes, sure even thou
Hast parents, racked by anxious cares for thee.

JOANNA.

Most hapless man! and wouldst thou, then, remind me
How many mothers of this land through you
Are childless, and how many tender babes
Are fatherless—how many plighted brides
Now pine in solitary widowhood?
Now, then, may England's mothers taste despair,
And learn to feel the sharpness of the tears
Wept by the sorrow-stricken wives of France!

MONTGOMERY.

'Tis hard to die unwept in a strange land.

JOANNA.

Who called you, then, to that strange land, to trample
The blooming promise of the cultured fields,
The peasant's toil and hope? to chase us forth
From hearth and home? to fling the brand of war
Amid our cities' peaceful sanctuary?
Ye dreamed, in the vain folly of your hearts,
To crush the freeborn Frenchman's tameless spirit
With ignominious servitude, and then,
Like a poor cockboat, link our land of glory
Behind your tall and haughty argosie!
Fools! know, the royal cognisance of France
Is blazoned on the firmament! ye shall tear
Sooner a star from thence,—than from this realm,
This ever one and indivisible realm,
The humblest hamlet! Look to it! the day
Of vengeance is arrived; and never more
Shall ye as living men cross o'er the sea,
The holy sea, the heaven-appointed bound
Between our nations, which your wanton wrong
Hath dared to overstep.

MONTGOMERY (*letting go her hand*).

Then must I die:

Already death's chill horror grasps my heart.

JOANNA.

Die, friend! why shrink thus cowardly before
The inevitable lot?—look here on me!

I am but a poor girl—a shepherdess;
 This hand is all untutored to the sword,
 Skilled but to wield the innocent, peaceful crook.
 Yet, torn reluctant from my household vale,
 From my dear sire's and gentle sisters' arms,
 Led by no pleasing idle fantasies,
 But driven by the resistless voice within,
 Must I—I must!—for no delight of mine,
 Though to your bitterest ruin, roam abroad,
 A slaughtering spectre of consuming terror,
 Deal death around, and be at last his victim!
 For never shall these eyes behold the day
 Of gladsome welcome home; I shall be yet
 Ruin to thousands of your countrymen,
 Author of many widows; yet at last
 I too must perish, and fulfil my fate.
 Fulfil thou thine. Grasp manfully thy sword,
 And fight we for the precious prey of life.

MONTGOMERY (*rising*).

Now, an thou be a mortal like myself,
 And vulnerable, 'tis perchance assigned
 Even to this arm to hurl thee to perdition,
 And end my country's loss. In Heaven's high grace
 I lay my destiny. Call thou thy fiends
 To succour thee! defend thee for thy life!

[*He seizes his shield and sword, and attacks her.
 Martial music is heard in the distance.
 After a short conflict MONTGOMERY falls.*]

SCENE VIII.

JOANNA.

Thy feet betrayed thee to thy death. Good night!

[*She leaves him, and stands awhile in thought.*]

Most mighty Virgin, thou work'st mightily
 In me thy handmaid; this unwarlike arm
 Thou clothest with thy power, and this weak heart
 Hast steeled with strength inexorable. Pity
 Melts the firm soul and shakes the vigorous hand:
 It seemed to violate a hallowed temple
 To pierce that fair adventurer's blooming form:

I shudder at the blaze of naked steel:
Yet at my need, thy might is in my arm,
And, like a living spirit, the conscious sword
In my false trembling hand proves ever true.

SCENE IX.

Enter a Knight with closed visor.

KNIGHT.

Woman or fiend! thy final hour is come.
Thee have I sought o'er all the field of fight,
Thou murderous illusion! Back to whence
Thou hast ascended—the infernal gulf!

JOANNA.

Who art thou, whom thy evil angel sends
Against the maiden? Princely seems thy port,
And yet I deem thee not of English race.
I know thee! pointless falls the Maiden's sword
Before the cognisance of Burgundy.

KNIGHT.

Outcast of Heaven! unworthy thou to fall
By prince's knightly hand. The headsman's axe
Should sever from that trunk the accursèd head,
Not the good sword of royal Burgundy.

JOANNA.

So, then, thou art the noble duke himself?

KNIGHT (*lifting his visor*).

I am. Lost wretch, now tremble and despair!
The wiles of Satan shelter thee no longer!
Till now thou hast been conqueror of babes:
A man confronts thee.

SCENE X.

Enter DUNOIS and LA HIRE.

DUNOIS.

Turn thee, Burgundy!
And measure not thy sword with girls, but men.

LA HIRE.

We guard our prophet lady's holy life ;
That sword of thine must pierce this breast, before—

BURGUNDY.

I fear not this your wanton Circe ; no,
Nor you, whom she so basely hath transformed.
Blush, noble Bastard ! shame on thee, La Hire,
That thou hast veiled thine ancient pride of valour
To hellish arts, and made thyself the squire
Of a she-fiend ! Come on ! come all ! he seeks
The aid of devils who despairs of Heaven's.

[*They prepare to fight. JOANNA steps between.*

JOANNA.

Stand back !

BURGUNDY.

Thou tremblest for thy gallant, then !
Before thine eyes shall he—

JOANNA.

Stand back, I say !

Part them, La Hire ! no blood of France must flow :
This strife must not be settled by the sword.
The stars have destined otherwise. Again,
Away, apart, I say ! Hear and adore
The Spirit who fills this breast, who speaks by me !

DUNOIS.

Why stay'st thou thus my lifted arm, withholding
The bloody arbitration of the sword ?
Unsheathed is the steel, the blow impends,
That wreaks the wrongs and heals the wounds of France.

JOANNA (*advancing to the midst, and keeping both parties
at a distance*). *To the Bastard :*

Stand on one side !—

Remain thou where thou art ! [To LA HIRE.
The task be mine to parley with this duke.—

[*When all is quiet :*

What wouldst thou, Burgundy ? who is the foe
Thy slaughter-thirsting glances seek ? this prince
Is France's noble son, like thee ; this knight
Thy fellow-soldier and true countryman ;

Myself am daughter of thy fatherland.
 All we, whom thou art warring to destroy,
 Are thine; our arms are open to receive thee;
 Our knees are fain to do thee reverence;
 Our swords for thee are pointless: even beneath
 An enemy's helm we love the lineaments
 That wear the cherished semblance of our king.

BURGUNDY.

Siren! thou would'st allure thy victim, then,
 With treacherous tones of honeyed blandishment!
 Thy craft befools me not. Mine ear is guarded
 'Gainst thy insidious wiles. The fiery shafts
 Of thy wild eye glide innocent from the mail
 That wraps this loyal breast. Come on, Dunois!
 Contend we not with words, but with fair blows.

DUNOIS.

Words first, and then blows after. Dost thou fear
 To trust the issue of thy cause to words?
 Even this is cowardice, and plainly speaks
 Distrust of a bad cause.

JOANNA.

Imperious need
 Brings us not, Burgundy, before thy feet;
 We come not here as suppliants. Gaze around:
 The camp of England is a heap of ashes;
 The fields are covered with the English dead.
 Hark! the French trumpets' brazen throats proclaim,
 Heaven hath decided! victory is ours!
 Here stand we ready with our friend to share
 The fresh-plucked laurel. Oh, come over, then,
 Noble deserter! to our cause come over,
 The cause of right, the cause of victory!
 Myself, the delegate of Heaven, extend
 A sister's hand to thee! myself will free thee,
 And guide thee over to our stainless part.
 Heaven arms for France! legions of angel-warriors
 (Thou seest them not) are battling for our king;
 The lily decks their militant array.
 Our cause, like this pure flag, is white as light;
 The spotless Virgin is its holy symbol.

BURGUNDY.

The treacherous voice of falsehood lays its snare
Deep in the artless language of the child.
When evil spirits would conquer souls by words,
They wear the form of innocence. No more!
I hear no more.—To arms! come on, Dunois!
My ear, I feel, is feebler than my arm.

JOANNA.

Thou call'st me sorceress—brand'st me with the guilt
Of lawless arts. Is peace-making, is love,
Is reconciliation wrought from hell?
Is concord offspring of the eternal pit?
What is pure, sinless, holy, natural,
If not to struggle for our fatherland?
How long has Nature been so far at strife
With her own self, that Heaven has left the right,
And devils guard it? If my words be good,
Whence had I them, if not from Heaven? for who
Would roam rude sheep-walks with a shepherd-child,
And teach her skill in the affairs of princes?
I never stood in presence of a prince;
The art of speech is stranger to my lip.
Yet now, when I need eloquence to move thee,
I find new insight, skill of lofty things;
The destiny of nations and of princes
Lies clear as sunshine to my childish eye,
And thunderbolts are gathering on my lip.

BURGUNDY.

What is it? whence is this? is it a god
That in my deepest bosom turns my heart?
She is not false, this spirit-stirring form!
No! no! if I be blind through sorcery,
It is a sorcery of heavenly might!
My heart assures me she is sent of Heaven.

JOANNA.

Yes, he is moved! he is! I have not prayed
In vain; the thunder-cloud of wrath is melting
Fast from his brow in penitential tears,
And from his eye the golden sun of feeling

Bursts, beaming peace o'er all the opening sky.
Down with your swords! press gallant heart to heart!
He weeps! he is o'ercome! he is our own!

*[She drops sword and banner, springs to him
with open arms, and embraces him. LA
HIRE and DUNOIS let fall their swords,
and hasten to embrace him.]*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The King's court in the camp at Chalons on the Marne.

DUNOIS and LA HIRE.

DUNOIS.

We have been friends in heart, brothers in arms,
Have raised our weapons in one holy cause,
And held troth fast in danger and in death.
Let not light love of woman burst the bond
That no vicissitude of fortune yet
Availed to sever.

LA HIRE.

Listen to me, prince !

DUNOIS.

You love the wondrous Maid ; and well I guess
The drift of your intent. You mean to go
This instant to the king, and to beseech
The Maiden for your guerdon ; and you deem
Your services and valour must assure
The well-earned prize. Yet know, ere I behold her
Within another's arms—

LA HIRE.

Yet hear me, prince !

DUNOIS.

No transient idlesse of a roving eye
Attracts me to her. Fancy-free, my sense
Hath never woman stirred, till I beheld
The Maid of mystery, whom a call divine
Appoints my land's deliverer and my consort.
When I beheld her, even in that moment
I plighted to myself a solemn vow
To lead her home a bride. The bold alone
Can be the bold man's mate ; this ardent heart
Yearns to repose upon a kindred breast,
That knows to estimate its power, nor will
Chide what it comprehends.

LA HIRE.

How should I, prince,
 Adventure to compare my feeble merit
 With the heroic lustre of your name?
 Where Count Dunois presents him in the lists,
 All rival champions must at once give way.
 Yet sure a mean and low-born shepherdess
 Is most unworthy at the side to stand
 Of great Dunois; the royal tide that mantles
 Along those veins disdains so base a mixture.

DUNOIS.

She is the child divine of holy Nature,
 E'en as myself, and thus of equal birth.
 Shall she, who is the stainless angels' bride,
 She who enwreathes her brows with light divine,
 More radiant than all earthly diadems,
 She who beholds the mightiest, loftiest things
 Of earth beneath her feet in littleness,
 Dishonour prince's hand? Oh, never! rather
 The thrones of all the princes of the world,
 Piled on each other till they reach the stars,
 Extend not to the height where she abides
 In her angelic majesty!

LA HIRE.

The king

May best award.

DUNOIS.

Nay, the award be hers.
 She hath emancipated France, and hath
 A right to a free heart.

LA HIRE.

Here comes the king.

SCENE II.

CHARLES, SOREL, DU CHÂTEL; CHATILLON, *the preceding*.KING CHARLES (*to CHATILLON*).

Saidst thou the duke was coming, and would own
 Me for his king, and do me homage?

CHATILLON.

Sire,
Here in thy court, in Chalons' royal city,
The duke my master means to cast himself
Before your highness' feet. He bade me come
And greet your highness as my lord and king:
He follows on my steps; soon will you see him.

SOREL.

He comes! O glorious sun of this bright day,
That brings us joy, and peace, and mutual love!

CHATILLON.

My lord approaches with two hundred knights,
And will present him on his knees before thee;
Yet somewhat hopes thou wilt not suffer this,
But lovingly embrace him as thy cousin.

KING CHARLES.

I burn to feel his heart beat next mine own.

CHATILLON.

The duke requests that at your interview
No word of notice of your ancient feud
Be spoken.

KING CHARLES.

Be the past for evermore
Sunk in the lowest Lethe! we desire
To look alone on sunny days to come.

CHATILLON.

And that all they who fought for Burgundy
Be comprehended in the amnesty.

KING CHARLES.

Doubtless; for thus I double my realm's power.

CHATILLON.

And that Queen Isabel, if she accepts
This peace, be too included.

KING CHARLES.

Certainly.

She wars with me, not I with her: our strife
Is over when she ends it.

CHATILLON.

And twelve knights
Shall pawn their knightly surety for thy word.

KING CHARLES.

Our word is sacred.

CHATILLON.

And my lord archbishop
Shall part a holy wafer 'twixt you twain,
As gage and seal of cordial reconciliation.

KING CHARLES.

So be my portion in eternal bliss,
As heart and hand with me find true accord.
What further pledge desires the duke of me?

CHATILLON (*glancing on DU CHÂTEL*).

I see one here whose presence might infect
With deadliest poison your first greeting.

[*Du Châtel is departing in silence.*]

KING CHARLES.

Go,

Go, Du Châtel! until the duke can bear
Thy sight, remain concealed.

[*He follows him with his eyes, then hastens
after him, and embraces him.*]

Good, honest friend!

Thou would'st do more than this to win me peace!

[*Exit Du Châtel.*]

CHATILLON.

This document recites the other terms.

KING CHARLES (*to the Archbishop*).

See all in order. We approve it all,
And deem no cost too high that buys a friend.
Go, Dunois! with a hundred noble knights
In courteous wise escort our cousin hither.
The troops shall all be crowned with verdant boughs
To hail their brothers and true countrymen.
Let all the town be decked in festal show,
And bells proclaim through all the exulting sky
That love anew knits France with Burgundy.

[*Enter an Esquire.—Trumpets.*]

Hark! what announced that trumpet?

ESQUIRE.

My liege, the Duke of Burgundy is here. Please it you, [Exit.

DUNOIS (*leaving with LA HIRE and CHATILLON*).
Away to meet him!

KING CHARLES.

Dost thou weep, my Agnes?
Thou dost. I marvel not. E'en I scarce find
Strength to endure this interview. Alas!
How many victims at the shrine of Death
Were doomed to bleed ere we could meet in peace!
But every tempest's fury dies at last;
Day dawns from murkiest night; and, if we wait
Their season, even the latest fruits will ripen.

ARCHBISHOP (*at the window*).

See how the duke can scarce endure the thronging
Of the glad crowd! They raise him from his horse!
See now, they kiss his mantle and his spurs!

KING CHARLES.

'Tis a good people, fiery in its love
As in its animosity. How soon
Is it forgotten now that even this duke
Was he who slew their fathers and their sons!
One moment has atoned a life of wrong!
Restrain thee, Agnes; even thy rapturous joy
Might prove a venom'd sting within his soul;
Nought here shall work him shame, nought breathe reproach.

SCENE III.

Enter BURGUNDY, DUNOIS, LA HIRE, CHATILLON, and two other knights of the Duke's retinue. The Duke pauses at the entrance; the King approaches him, and BURGUNDY immediately advances; and at the moment when he is about to drop on one knee, the King receives him in his arms.

KING CHARLES.

You have forestalled us, cousin. Our intent
Was to conduct you hither. But your steeds
Are fleet.

BURGUNDY.

My liege, they bore me to my duty.

[*Embracing SOREL, and kissing her on the forehead.*
This, cousin, by your leave. We claim this right
As suzerain's fee at Arras. No fair lady
There dares refuse the custom.

KING CHARLES.

If report

Speak sooth, your court is gallantry's own seat;
The very market where the Beautiful
Finds most admired resort.

BURGUNDY (*sees the Archbishop, and offers his hand*).

Most reverend lord,
Your blessing! Ever in your fitting place!
Who would find *you*, must seek whate'er is good.

ARCHBISHOP.

Now let my Master call me when He will;
This heart is surfeited with joy, and happy
I can depart, since I have seen this day.

BURGUNDY (*to SOREL*).

Lady, 'tis said you have despoiled yourself
Of all your costly gems, to fabricate
Arms against me. How? are you, then, indeed
So martial-minded? were you so resolved
On my destruction? Well! our strife is past;
And all that once was lost is found again.
Nor is your jewelry excepted; 'twas
Intended to be used in war 'gainst me;
Accept it from my hand in sign of peace.

[*He receives from one of his followers the casket,
and presents it to her open. SOREL looks
at the King with emotion.*

KING CHARLES.

Receive the present; 'tis a twice-dear pledge
Of thy sweet love and his dear reconcilment.

BURGUNDY (*placing a rose of brilliants in her hair*).

Why is not this the royal crown of France?
With no less duteous lowliness of heart
These hands should plant it on that lovely brow.

[*Pressing her hand significantly.*

And count on me, if you shall need hereafter
The safeguard of a friend !

[SOREL bursts into tears, and steps aside ; the King suppresses a strong emotion ; the bystanders, much affected, gaze on both princes.

BURGUNDY (*looking successively at all, throws himself in the King's arms*).

O my dear liege !

[*At the same instant the three Burgundian knights hasten to embrace DUNOIS, LA HIRE, and the Archbishop. The two princes lie some time speechless in each other's arms.*

Could I, then, hate you ? could I, then, renounce you ?

KING CHARLES.

Hush ! hush ! no more !

BURGUNDY.

How could I crown this child ?

Swear fealty to this foreigner—this foe ?

Drive thee, my prince and master, forth to ruin ?

KING CHARLES.

Forget it ! all is pardoned ! This one moment
Obliterates all the past. 'Twas but a fate—
An ill conjunction of unlucky planets.

BURGUNDY (*grasping his hand*).

I will atone my wrong ! I will, believe me !

Your sufferings, ay, each pang, shall be redressed ;

You shall receive your universal realm

Again, and not a hamlet fail !

KING CHARLES.

Enough.

We now are friends, and now I fear no foes.

BURGUNDY.

Believe me, sire, with no light heart I wielded

The sword against my prince : oh, could you know—

But wherefore sent you not this lady to me ?

[*Turning to SOREL.*

I never could have stood against her tears.

But now no powers of darkness shall dis sever

The hearts that once have felt each other beat ;

Now have I found indeed my rightful place,
And on thy breast my guilty wanderings end.

ARCHBISHOP (*standing between them*).

Princes, ye now are reconciled. France mounts
A renovated phoenix from her ashes;
Before us smiles a bright futurity:
Our bleeding fatherland's deep wounds shall heal;
Our desolated villages, our towns,
Ascend in prouder lustre from their dust;
Our fields in livelier verdure bloom arrayed:
But they who fell the victims of your feud,
The dead, arise no more; the tears that gushed
At bidding of your strife are wept, and never
Can be unwept again. The coming race
Will blossom; but the last was misery's prey.
The grandsons' bliss wakes not the slaughtered sires.
Behold the fruits of your fraternal feud!
Read well their lesson; dread, ere ye unsheathe it,
The godhead of the sword! that power sets free
The war-fiend; but the imperial voice of man,
Swift at whose call the towering falcon swoops
Upon the huntsman's hand, commands in vain
Repose to that wild spirit. The hand of rescue
Comes not a second time from out the clouds
At the right moment, as it came to-day.

BURGUNDY.

O sire, an angel loves to grace thy side—
Where is she? wherefore do not I behold her?

KING CHARLES.

Where is Joanna? wherefore is she absent
In this fair moment of our festal joy,
Which she hath given us?

ARCHBISHOP.

Sire, the holy Maiden
Loves not the rest of an inactive court;
And when the internal impulse calls her not
To daylight and the world, she shuns abashed
The idle gazings of the public eye.
Doubtless she is in holy meditation,
If now unbusied with the weal of France;
For benediction waits on all her steps.

SCENE IV.

Enter JOANNA (in armour, but without a helmet, and with a chaplet in her hair).

KING CHARLES.

Thou com'st adorned as priestess, then, Joanna,
To consecrate the tie thyself hast twined !

BURGUNDY.

How dreadful was the Maiden in the fight !
In peace how beams she gentleness around !
Have I redeemed my word, Joanna ? art thou
Content, and do I earn thy sweet approval ?

JOANNA.

'Tis to thyself that thou hast shewn most favour ;
For now thou shin'st in light of blessedness,
Thou, who erewhile in sanguine lurid glare
Didst lower, a moon of terror in our heaven.

[*Looking round.*

Here find I many noble knights assembled,
And all eyes give me bright and joyous greeting ;
One only sad of visage have I met,
Who must perforce shrink from the public view
Where all is jubilee.

BURGUNDY.

And who is he,
Whose conscience with so weighty sin is burdened,
That he of our forgiveness should despair ?

JOANNA.

May he approach ? Oh, do but say he may !
Make thy desert complete. The reconciliation
Is none, that doth not wholly free the heart.
One drop of hatred lingering in the chalice
Of joy converts the wine of grace to poison.
Be there no wrong so dark that Burgundy
Forgive it not on this most happy day !

BURGUNDY.

I understand thee.

JOANNA.

And thou wilt forgive?
 Thou wilt, lord duke? Come in, then, Du Châtel!
*[She opens the door, and brings in DU CHÂTEL,
 who stands at a distance.]*

The duke is reconciled with all his foes,
 And therefore too with thee.

[DU CHÂTEL advances a few steps, and endeavours to read the expression of the Duke.]

BURGUNDY.

What would'st thou do
 With me, Joanna? know'st thou what thou askest?

JOANNA.

An hospitable master opes his gate
 To every guest. Free as the arch of heaven
 Spans the broad world, true Mercy must embrace
 Both friend and foe. The sun beams forth alike
 To every region of infinity;
 And heaven in equal measure deals its dew
 To all the thirsting nurselings of the earth.
 All that is good and comes to us from above
 Is universal and without reserve.—
 Yet gloom still lingers on that folded brow!

BURGUNDY.

Oh, she can mould me at her will! my heart
 Is weakest wax in her transforming hand.
 Embrace me, Du Châtel! I pardon thee!
 Shade of my father! frown not if I press
 In friendly grasp the hand that dealt thy death!
 Avenging powers! require it not of me
 That here I break my awful vow of vengeance!
 In your dark realms of endless night below,
 There never heart beats more, all is eternal,
 All ever fixed and motionless: not so
 Here in the sunlight of the upper day;
 Man—living, feeling man—is the light toy
 Of the all-mastering moment.

KING CHARLES (*to JOANNA*).

Noble maiden!

My debt to thee is boundless! gloriously

Hast thou redeemed thy word! how suddenly
Hast thou reversed the current of my fate!
Friends thou hast reconciled, and trampled foes
Even in the dust, and from the stranger's yoke
Wrested my cities: thou alone hast wrought
All this great work. Speak, what shall be thy meed?

JOANNA.

This, sire! Be thou humane in thy success,
As in thine adverse day thou wast; and when
Thou stand'st on Greatness' giddy pinnacle,
Forget not what a friend in woe is worth;
For thou hast tried it in adversity.
See thou deny not equity and mercy
Even to thy meanest subject; from the sheepfold
Heaven raised thee thy deliverer. Thou shalt sway
The sceptre of united France; be founder
And ancestor of long and princely lineage;
They who succeed thee shall be more illustrious
Than those who sat before thee on the throne.
Thy line will flourish, even as it shall store
Affection in the bosoms of the people.
Pride only can conduct it to its fall;
And from mean hovels, whence to thee of late
Deliverance issued, lurking Desolation
Threatens thy guilt-defiled posterity!

BURGUNDY.

Maiden of Heaven illumined and inspired!
Since thy keen eyes can pierce futurity,
Tell me the fortune of my race. Say, will it
Spread widening onward, as it has begun?

JOANNA.

Burgundy, thou hast reared thy ducal chair
High as a royal throne; and loftier yet
Towers thy proud heart, and lifts the venturous structure
Even to the clouds. Yet shall a Hand from high
Soon bar its haughty progress: but fear not
The downfall of thy house. In a high dame
Thy line lives brightening on; from her shall blossom
Shepherds of nations, sceptre-bearing monarchs,
Wielding dominion on two mighty thrones,
Prescribing laws to all the world which man

Yet knows, and to another, which God's hand
Now shrouds behind unnavigated oceans.

KING CHARLES.

O tell me, if so deep in things divine
Is granted thee to see, will this alliance
Which we so lately have renewed unite
Our late posterity?

JOANNA (*after some silence*).

Ye kings and rulers,
Eschew dissension! Rouse not from his lair,
Wherein he sleeps, the demon Strife; for once
Awakened, he is slow to tame! a race
Swift he begets, an iron generation;
Brand kindles brand. Desire to learn no more.
Enjoy the present. Let me calmly veil
The coming hour.

SOREL.

O holy maid, thou searchest
My heart; thou know'st if vain desire of greatness
Be stirring there; O speak thou, then, to me
An oracle of joy.

JOANNA.

Lady, the power
That gives me skill of far futurity
Tells but the fate of empires. Thine reposes
In thine own breast.

DUNOIS.

But what shall be thine own,
Maiden exalted and beloved of Heaven?
Sure blooms for thee earth's loveliest happiness,
That art so good and holy.

JOANNA.

Happiness
Dwells only in the bosom of the Highest.

KING CHARLES.

Thy happiness be now thy prince's care!
For I will make thy name renowned in France;
And latest generations shall extol
Thy happy destiny: and even now
Do I redeem my promise. Kneel!

[*He draws his sword, and touches her.*]

Arise,

A noble ! I exalt thee ! I, thy king,
Exalt thee from the dust of thy mean birth !
Thy sires I do ennoble in their graves ;
And thou shalt bear the lilies in thy coat,
And be a peer to all the best in France :
Only the royal lineage of Valois
Be loftier than thine own ! Let my land's noble,
Yea, noblest of her noble, feel himself
Honoured in thy alliance ; and the care
Be mine to wed thee to a noble consort.

DUNOIS (*advancing*).

My liege, my heart made choice of her when she
As yet was mean ; and this new radiant honour
Enhances nor her merit nor my love.
Here, in the sacred presence of my king
And this most holy prelate, do I offer
The maid my hand, to be my princely bride,
If she should deem it worthy her acceptance.

KING CHARLES.

Resistless maiden ! verily thou heapest
Wonder on wonder ! yes, I now believe
Nought is to thee impossible. Thou hast
O'ermastered this proud heart, that ever yet
To the all-conquering potency of love
Spake cold contempt.

LA HIRE (*advancing*).

Joanna's loveliest charm,

If right I know her, is her modest heart.
Well is she worth the homage of the greatest,
Yet never will she raise her hopes so high ;
She strives not giddily for empty grandeur ;
The true affection of an honest heart
Is prize enough for her, and the calm lot
Which here I tender with this faithful hand.

KING CHARLES.

Thou too, La Hire ? in sooth two noble suitors,
Alike in knightly worth and martial fame !
Wilt thou, the reconciler of my foes,
Who hast united all this realm, divide



My dearest friends? One only can possess her,
And each I deem deserving of the prize.
Speak thou, Joanna; let thy heart decide.

SOREL (*advancing*).

I see the noble damsel is surprised,
And bashful blushes tinge her cheek. Permit her
A little time to question with her heart,
To trust her thoughts to woman's friendly keeping,
And break the seal of her close-guarded breast.
The moment is arrived when even I
May dare approach with sisterly affection
The awful maid, and proffer her a true
And confidential bosom. For a while
Let us be left alone: we would debate
With female privacy a female matter,
Which when we have determined, we will shew
The sum of our resolve.

KING CHARLES (*going*).
So be it, then.

JOANNA.

Nay, sire! so be it not! what tinged my cheek
Was no embarrassment of timid shame.
Nought have I for this noble lady's ear
Which I should blush to utter before men.
High am I graced in these good knights' approval;
Yet did I not forsake my pastoral toil
To chase an idle, worldly exaltation;
Nor did I don the hard array of war
To twine a bridal chaplet in my hair.
Far other is my call; a work which none
But pure and stainless virgin may fulfil.
I am the championess of highest Heaven,
And can be consort to no mortal spouse.

ARCHBISHOP.

Woman was formed to be the loving mate
Of man; and when she yields to nature's hest,
Serves Heaven most worthily. Fulfil the charge
That calls thee to the field: but this accomplished,
Lay by thy panoply, assume again
The softer bearing of the sex which thou

Hast thus renounced, and which is not by nature
Called to the bloody ordinance of arms.

JOANNA.

Most reverend lord, I skill not yet to say
What task the internal Impulse shall assign;
But when the time is come, the Voice will speak
Articulate, and its call I must obey.
But now it bids me to fulfil my task:
My sovereign's brow is yet uncrowned, undewed
With the most holy unction; yet he lacks
The appellative of king.

KING CHARLES.

Yet are we now
Upon our way to Rheims.

JOANNA.

Then halt we not
Upon our journey; for the foe is active
Around us, to blockade the onward way.
But I will lead thee through the midmost brunt
And fury of his legions.

DUNOIS.

But when all
Shall be accomplished—when in triumph we
March into Rheims—then, holy maid, wilt thou—

JOANNA.

If Heaven so will that, crowned with victory,
I turn me homeward from this mortal strife,
My work is ended, and the shepherdess
Hath no vocation more in her king's home.

KING CHARLES (*pressing her hand*).

As yet the monitory Voice within
Alone impels thee; Love keeps silence yet
In breast o'erfilled by the Divinity.
Trust me, he will not ever thus be silent!
The sword will rest, and Victory in her hand
Will lead glad Peace; then Joyance shall find way
To every bosom; and the softer feelings
Waken in every heart—yes, even in thine;
And tears of sweetest yearning shalt thou weep,
Such as thine eye hath never shed. That heart,

Now overflowed by Heaven, will loving turn
 Unto an earthly friend. Thou hast blest thousands
 By thy deliverance, and will end at last
 By blessing one.

JOANNA.

Dauphin, art thou already
 Weary of manifested grace divine,
 That thou would'st seek to draw its chosen vessel,
 The spotless Damsel, sent thee from on high,
 Down to the common dust? Ye blind of heart!
 Ye men of little faith! empyreal glory
 Radiates around your path! before your eyes
 Heaven spreads its naked marvels! yet in me
 Ye will but see a woman. Yet what woman
 Would dare array her in war's iron garb,
 And mingle in the battle-shock of men?
 Woe were to me if this my hand should bear
 Heaven's glaive retributive, while my idle heart
 Nursed vain affection for a child of dust!
 Better were it that I had ne'er been born!
 Speak no such word again, I charge you, lest
 Ye kindle into flame the smouldering wrath
 Of that which stirs within me! even now
 To me the eye of those who covet me
 Is sacrilege and horror.

KING CHARLES.

Speak no more;
 The attempt is vain.

JOANNA.

Bid thy war-trumpets sound!
 This sleep of arms to me is grief and torture—
 The imperious Impulse drives me forth! it spurns
 This listless languor! bids me do my work,
 And sweeps me onward to my destiny!

SCENE V.

Enter a Knight, in haste.

KING CHARLES,

What now?

KNIGHT.

My liege, the foe has crossed the Marne,
And stands arrayed for battle.

JOANNA.

War and fight!
Now is my soul unfettered! On! to arms!
Arm ye! forthwith I marshal the array! [*Exit hastily.*]

KING CHARLES.

Go, follow her, La Hire! even at the gate
Of Rheims they mean to battle for our crown!

DUNOIS.

'Tis no true valour that impels them: 'tis
The last weak effort of a fierce despair.

KING CHARLES.

Now, Burgundy, this only—this one day
Must make amends for many days of ill.

BURGUNDY.

Your grace shall be content with me.

KING CHARLES.

Ourself
Will tread before thee on the path of honour,
And in our coronation-city's presence
Redeem our crown. Best Agnes! thy true knight
Bids thee farewell.

SOREL (*embracing him*).

I weep not, tremble not,
For thee! my faith mounts fearless to the skies!
Heaven would not have vouchsafed so many pledges
Of grace, were we to sorrow at the last!
I shall embrace my lord, my heart assures it,
A crownèd victor in the walls of Rheims!

[*Trumpets sound a martial air, which passes, while the scene changes, to a wild tumultuous sound of war; the orchestra joins in, as the scene opens, and is accompanied by military music behind the scenes.*]

SCENE VI.

An open country bounded by trees. Soldiers in full retreat in the background. Enter TALBOT leaning on FASTOLF, and accompanied by soldiers.

TALBOT.

Here set me down beneath these trees, and then
Betake you to the field of strife once more—
I need no company to die.

FASTOLF.

Alas!

O most disastrous, most unhappy day!— [*Enter LIONEL.*
Oh, Lionel, to what a spectacle
Are you arrived! here lies our glorious chief
Wounded to death.

LIONEL.

Nay! gracious Heaven forbid!
My noble lord, stand up! this is no time
To sink o'erwearied! rouse your mighty will,
Bid Nature she revive!

TALBOT.

In vain! the day
Of destiny is come, that must o'erthrow
Our throne in France; vainly in desperate combat
To avert this day I hazarded my last;
Here shattered by a bolt I lie, to rise
No more. Past all recovery Rheims is lost—
Haste now to rescue Paris!

LIONEL.

'Tis too late!

Even now a courier brings us word that Paris
Hath made capitulation with the dauphin.

TALBOT (*tearing the bandage from his wound*).

Then stream ye forth, ye torrents of my blood!
For Talbot is aweary of this sun!

LIONEL.

I may not stay. Fastolf, convey our chief
To some safe spot. We cannot hold this post
Much longer 'gainst the enemy; our men

Flee on all sides already ; the dread Maiden
Presses resistless on.

TALBOT.

Folly, thou conquerest,
And Talbot must surrender. Gods themselves
Vainly contend 'gainst dull Stupidity.
O lofty Reason ! poets fabled thee
The sun-bright offspring of a head divine,
Creation's architect supreme, the guide
Of worlds and suns. What art thou, then, if, bound
On blind Infatuation's crazèd steed,
With open eye, all impotently calling
For help to ears that heed not, thou must plunge
With mad Intoxication down the abyss ?
Foul fall the man who casts the die of life
On great and worthy aims, and with sage spirit
Designs well-pondered projects ! This fair world
Is the fool's heritage.

LIONEL.

O my dear lord !
Few are the moments that you have to live !
Think on eternity !

TALBOT.

Were we o'ercome,
The brave by others brave, even as ourselves,
We might draw solace from the common fortune
That, ever changing, whirls her fickle wheel ;
But to succumb to such gross jugglery !
Did all our earnest life of ceaseless toil
Deserve no graver exit ?

LIONEL (*giving his hand*).

My good lord,
Farewell ! the tributary debt of tears
Will I with duteous faith discharge to thee
Soon as the fight is o'er—if then, indeed,
I too be not with thee. But now the fortune
Of battle, sitting on the field of war,
As on her throne of judgment, and revolving
The lots of death within her bloody urn,
Calls me away. Farewell, until we meet
Within a better world. Short is the absence
That interrupts an everlasting friendship.

TALBOT.

'Twill soon be o'er. Earth and eternal sun!
 To you again I render up the atoms
 That mingled in this frame for joy and woe!
 And of the mighty Talbot, whose renown
 Filled the wide universe, nought now remains
 But one poor handful of light dust. Thus goes
 Man to his end; and all we bear away
 Out of the fight of life is just to know
 The nothingness of all—utter contempt
 Of all we lived to covet or admire.

SCENE VII.

*Enter KING CHARLES, BURGUNDY, DUNOIS, DU CHÂTEL,
 and soldiers.*

BURGUNDY.

The trench is stormed and gained.

DUNOIS.

The day is ours.

KING CHARLES (*observing TALBOT*).

See, who is that, who, yonder on the ground,
 Takes hard reluctant leave of the bright sun?
 That panoply betokens no mean churl.
 Go, haste to him, if aid may yet avail him.

[*Soldiers of the King's retinue approach.*]

FASTOLF.

Stand back! avaunt! have reverence for the dead,
 Whom, living, ye ne'er wished to approach. Away!

BURGUNDY.

What do I see! the Talbot in his blood!

[*He approaches him. TALBOT fixes his
 eye on him, and dies.*]

FASTOLF.

Off, Burgundy! let not a traitor's sight
 Poison the last look of our hero chief.

DUNOIS.

Dread Talbot! spirit invincible! canst thou

Find thee contentment in so strait a space,
 When the broad land of France could not suffice
 The aspirations of thy giant soul?
 Now, sire, for the first time I hail you king;
 The crown was trembling on your head until
 A spirit ceased to animate this form.

KING CHARLES (*after silently contemplating the body*).

A loftier Power hath vanquished him—not we!
 Bedded he lies upon the soil of France,
 Like warrior on the shield he would not quit.
 Bring him away. [*Soldiers raise the body and bear it out.*
 Peace to his noble ashes!

An honourable monument be his;
 And lay his bones where he fulfilled his course
 Heroic, in mid France. So far as his
 No foeman's sword pierced ever yet. And be
 His epitaph the place where we have found him.

FASTOLF (*giving up his sword*).

Sire, I am now thy prisoner.

KING CHARLES (*returning the sword*).

Nay! not so!

Even rude war honours gentle loyalty.
 Free shalt thou follow to the grave thy lord.—
 Now haste thee, Du Châtel: my Agnes trembles;
 Rescue her from her anxious fears for us;
 Bear tidings that we live—we are victorious;
 Bring her to Rheims in triumph! [*Exit DU CHÂTEL.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter LA HIRE.

DUNOIS.

How? La Hire!

Where is the maiden?

LA HIRE.

Where? that would I ask
 Of you. I left her fighting at your side.

DUNOIS.

I deemed her guarded by your arm, and hasted
To aid the king.

BURGUNDY.

I saw her white flag wave
Of late amid the thickest of the foe.

DUNOIS.

Alas! where is she? O my boding heart!
Come, haste we to her rescue! I do fear me
Her fiery mood hath hurried her too far;
With foes encircled strives she all alone,
And helpless lies at mercy of their numbers.

KING CHARLES.

Haste—rescue her!

LA HIRE.

I follow you!

BURGUNDY.

Come all!

[Exit hastily.]

SCENE IX.

*Another solitary spot of the field of battle. The tower of Rheims,
illuminated by the sun, seen in the distance.*

*Enter a Knight armed cap-a-pie in black, with closed visor.
JOANNA follows him to the front of the stage, where he
stands and awaits her.*

JOANNA.

Deceiver! now too late I learn thy guile!
Thou hast with treacherous and dissembled flight
Allured me from the field, and turned aside
From many a child of England fate and death.
But now thyself hath ruin overtaken.

KNIGHT.

Why followest thou so furious at my steps?
I am not fated by thy hand to fall.

JOANNA.

I do detest thee in my inmost soul,
Even as I hate the night, whose hue thou wearest;

And irrepressible ardour fills my breast
To sweep thy being from the light of day.
Who art thou? Lift thy visor! Had I not
Seen warlike Talbot in the onslaught fall,
I would have said, 'Tis he.

KNIGHT.

Is, then, the voice
Of the prophetic spirit dumb within thee?

JOANNA.

It speaks, and loudly, in my deepest breast,
An evil power is standing at my side.

KNIGHT.

Joanna d'Arc! even to the gates of Rheims
Hast thou advanced upon the wings of conquest.
Content thee with thy fame. Emancipate
Fortune, as yet thy handmaid ministrant,
Ere she in anger burst thy bond. She hates
Fidelity, and serves none to the end.

JOANNA.

What mean'st thou, thus commanding me to pause
In mid career, and quit my appointed task?
I execute it, and fulfil my vow!

KNIGHT.

Nought can withstand thine arm, maiden of power;
Thou conquerest in every fight. Yet go
No more to battle. Harken to my warning!

JOANNA.

Never! I lay not from this hand the sword
Till haughty England crouches at my feet.

KNIGHT.

Look yonder! there ascend the towers of Rheims,
The goal and limit of thy journey. Thou
Seest the tall minster's dome gleam in the sun;
There shalt thou enter in triumphal pomp,
There crown thy sovereign, there fulfil thy vow.
Yet enter not! turn back! attend my warning!

JOANNA.

Who art thou, false and double-spoken being,

That thus would fray and 'wilder me with riddles?
Whence is thy claim, that thus thou palter'st with me
In false delusive oracles?

[The black knight is departing; she advances before him.]

Nay! thou giv'st
Account to me, or by this hand thou diest.

KNIGHT (*touches her with his hand; she stands still*).
Kill what can die.

*[Darkness; thunder and lightning. The
apparition sinks into the earth.]*

JOANNA.

It was no living thing.
A cozenage of hell, a spirit unruly,
Ascended hither from the flaming pool,
To shake within my breast my dauntless heart.
Whom should I dread? I bear the sword of Heaven!
Victorious I will speed me on my way;
Though Hell itself within the lists appear,
This stedfast heart shall never faint or fear!

[Departing.]

SCENE X.

Enter LIONEL.

LIONEL.

Accursèd witch! darrain thee for the fight!
Not both of us shall leave this spot alive.
Thou hast destroyed the bravest of my land;
The noble Talbot on my breast but late
Breathed out his lofty spirit. I will avenge
The gallant chief, or share his destiny.
And that thou know who lends thee this renown,
In death or conquest, I am Lionel,
The last of all the princes of our host;
And yet unvanquished is this youthful arm.

*[He attacks her; after a short combat, she
strikes the sword out of his hand.]*

Disloyal chance!

[He struggles with her.]

JOANNA (*grasping his plume behind, and flinging his helmet violently back, so that his face is exposed; and drawing her sword with her right hand*).

Endure what thou hast sought!
By me the Holy Virgin immolates thee!
[*She catches a glimpse of his face, stands motionless, and after some time drops her arm.*]

LIONEL.
Why tremble thus, and stay the stroke of death?
Take now my life; for thou hast ta'en my honour.
I now am in thy hand—I will no quarter.

[*She motions to him with her hand to depart.*]
What? have me flee? what? owe to thee my life?
No—rather die!

JOANNA (*turning away*).
I wish not to remember
Thy life was granted to my power.

LIONEL.
I hate
Thee and thy largess—here I spurn thy quarter.
Here kill thine enemy; kill him who hates thee;
Kill him who would kill *thee*.

JOANNA.
Rather kill *me*,
And fly.

LIONEL.
Ha! what is this?

JOANNA (*covering her face*).
Oh, woe to me!

LIONEL (*approaching*).
They say thou slay'st all Englishmen whom thou
O'ercom'st in conflict: wherefore, then, wouldst thou
Spare me alone?

JOANNA.
O Holy Virgin!

LIONEL.
Wherefore
Nam'st thou the Holy?—she knows nought of thee:
Heaven hath no part in thee.

JOANNA (*in deepest distress*).

Broken my vow!

What have I done?
[*Wringing her hands in despair.*]

LIONEL (*regarding her with sympathy, and advancing*).
Unhappy maiden! I do mourn for thee;
Thou mov'st my pity—thou hast shewn thy heart
Generous to me alone. I feel my hate
Departing—I *must* sympathise with thee.
Who art thou? whence derived?

JOANNA.

Avaunt! escape!

LIONEL.

I sorrow for thy beauty,—for thy youth!
Thy look doth pierce my heart. Fain would I save thee;
Oh, tell me how I can! Come! haste! renounce
This horrible compact—cast those arms away!

JOANNA.

I bear them most unworthily.

LIONEL.

Then cast them
Away, and follow me!

JOANNA.

And follow thee?

LIONEL.

Thou may'st be yet delivered. Follow me!
I will deliver thee! But linger not—
A wondrous anxious dread for thee hath seized me—
An inexpressible yearning for thy rescue—
[*He lays hold of her arm.*]

JOANNA.

The Bastard comes! 'tis they! they come to seek me:
What if they find thee here!

LIONEL.

I will defend thee!

JOANNA.

I die, if thou should'st fall beneath their hands.

LIONEL.

Am I, then, dear to thee?

JOANNA.

Great Queen of heaven!

LIONEL.

Shall I again behold thee? hear of thee?

JOANNA.

No—never!

LIONEL.

Then this sword of thine be gage
We meet again. *[He wrests the sword from her.]*

JOANNA.

Madman! thou would'st not dare?

LIONEL.

I yield to numbers now—we meet again! *[Exit.]*

SCENE XI.

DUNOIS, LA HIRE, and JOANNA.

LA HIRE.

'Tis she! she lives!

DUNOIS.

Joanna, fear no more!
Thy friends are standing at thy side in might.

LA HIRE.

Is not that Lionel that flees?

DUNOIS.

So let him!
The righteous cause, Joanna, hath prevailed.
Rheims opens all her gates, and all the people
Stream jubilant to meet their king.

LA HIRE.

See there!
What ails the maiden?—see! she swoons! she falls!

DUNOIS.

She hath been wounded. Tear the hauberk off—
It is her arm—the hurt is only slight.

LA HIRE.

She bleeds.

JOANNA.

Oh, let me bleed my life away !

[She lies insensible in LA HIRE's arms.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A hall adorned for a festival. The pillars are wreathed with festoons. Flutes and oboes behind the scenes.

JOANNA.

Now rests the o'erwearied sword ; war's storms are mute.
Gay dance and song succeed to bloody fight ;
Ring the glad streets with mandolin and lute ;
Altar and shrine in festal pomp are dight ;
In arcs triumphal verdant boughs unite,
And flower-wreaths cluster round the columns tall :
And torrent multitudes, in wild delight,
Burst into Rheims, that finds not room for all
The guests that throng to keep my country's festival.

Bounds to one thought each jubilating heart ;
In one broad towering blaze of joy, despair
Is perished evermore ; souls kept apart
Of late by deadliest feud, accordant share
The universal gladness : and whoe'er
Claims kindred with this land of old renown,
More proudly seems a Frenchman's name to bear ;
Now lustre radiates from the ancient crown,
And to her sovereign's child France falls in homage down.

Yet I, who all this glorious work have wrought,
Unblest behold the universal bliss ;
My heart, perverted, alienate, distraught,
Sickening recoils from festal show like this,
And to the English camp departed is :
My glance is hovering o'er the foe ; I feel
My thoughts, my hopes, my happiness, are his ;
And I from out the mirthful crowd must steal
My bosom's guilty load of anguish to conceal.

Who ? I ? in heart all virgin bright—
I a man's image entertain ?
This chamber, home of Heaven's own light,
Shall passion of low earth profane ?

Who? I? deliverer of my land,
Heaven's chosen championess and hand,
Own for my country's foe a flame?
How can I dare presume to name
To the chaste day the thought of blame,
Nor perish of the very shame?

Wo to me! what strains I hear!
Soft they steal away mine ear!
Every note his voice recalls!
Every witching tone that falls
Paints within his image dear!

Oh, that through the war-storm battling,
Closing lances round me rattling,
I could brave the hottest fight!
There I should regain my might!

These unholy melodies,
How in coils of lawless sound
Fast they bind my heart around!
All my spirit's energies
Weak in restless yearnings languish,
Melt in tears of fruitless anguish!

Was it my duty, then, to slay him? Could I,
When I beheld his face, slay *him*! no! rather
Plunge in this aching breast the murderous steel!
And am I guilty that I was humane?
Is pity sin? Ha! Pity! Didst thou hear
The voice of Pity and Humanity
When others fell, red victims of thy sword?
Why spake not Pity when the youth of Wales,
The tender stripling, prayed thee for his life?
False heart! thou liest to the eternal light!
That impulse came not from sweet Pity's might.

Why was I doomed to gaze upon those eyes,
The lineaments of that noble countenance!
Ill-fated maid! with that one glance began
Thy trespass. Heaven demands blind instruments—
Thy work was to be wrought with sightless eyes.
Soon as thou sawest, the shield of Heaven was gone,
And thou wert tangled in the snare of Hell!

[The flutes sound again; she sinks into a still melancholy.]

Peaceful crook! alas that ever
 I exchanged thee for the blade!
 Holy oak! Oh, would that never
 Voice had called me in thy shade!
 Queen of heaven! alas that ever
 Thou didst deign appear to me!
 Take—I can deserve it never—
 Back thy crown of victory!

Heaven disclosed its angel legions,
 Opening on my gifted eyes!
 Yet to those calm, blessed regions,
 Fail my earth-born hopes to rise,
 Must thou charge me, Virgin Mother,
 With thy stern and dread behest?
 How should feeble maiden smother
 Stirrings of a maiden breast?

Wouldst thou magnify thy might?
 Choose thee those who, sinless bright,
 Stand in thine eternal home;
 Bid abroad thy spirits roam,
 Pure, immortal vigil keeping,
 Never feeling, never weeping!
 Call thou not, the strong to aid,
 Feeble soul of shepherd-maid!

Oh, that ne'er with me were blended
 Battle's chance and princes' feud!
 Blameless erst my lambs I tended
 Calm in mountain solitude.
 Thence didst thou to action whirl me,
 Knightly field and kingly throne,
 Down the abyss of guilt to hurl me!
 No—the choice was not mine own!

SCENE II.

Enter SOREL, who, on seeing the Maiden, rushes forward and falls on her neck; then reflects a moment, leaves her, and falls down before her,

SOREL.

Not so—nay! here in dust before thee—

JOANNA (*raising her*).

Rise!

What mean'st thou? thou forgett'st thyself and me.

SOREL.

Let be! It is the sweet constraint of joy
That flings me here before thy feet! I must
Outpour my o'erswelling heart before high Heaven;
In thee I worship the Invisible.
Thou art the angel who hast led my lord
To Rheims, and now adorn'st him with the crown.
What boldest dreams ne'er saw, is now fulfilled;
The coronation-pageant is preparing;
The king stands decked in festival array;
The peers are met—the officers of state
To carry the regalia; the glad people
Rolls like a tide to the cathedral on;
And calling instruments and pealing bells—
Oh, 'tis a joy beyond me to support
This overflow of rich felicity!

[JOANNA raises her gently; SOREL pauses a moment,
while she gazes nearer on the Maid.

Yet art thou aye severe and stern; thou canst
Create felicity, but sharest it not.
Thy heart is chill—thou dost not feel our pleasures;
Thou hast beheld the sovereign bliss of Heaven;
No earthly joy can move that stainless breast.

[JOANNA presses her hand eagerly, but suddenly drops it.
Oh, couldst thou be a woman! couldst thou feel!
Lay off that harness! there is war no more!
Avouch thee of the sex of gentleness!
My loving heart recoils in terror from thee,
Whilst fierce thou frown'st in Pallas' stern array.

JOANNA.

What wouldst thou have me do?

SOREL.

Disarm thyself!

Lay off that harness! To that steel-clad bosom
Love shudders to approach. Oh, be a woman!
And thou wilt feel his power.

JOANNA.

Yes! even now
Will I disarm myself! yes! now! to death
Will I this breast uncover in the fight!
Yet, no—not now! Oh, would that sevenfold brass
Could shield me from your pageant—from myself!

SOREL.

Count Dunois loves thee. His exalted heart,
Open alone to fame and knightly virtue,
With holiest emotion glows for thee.
Oh, it is sweet to know oneself beloved
By such a hero! sweeter still, to love him!

[JOANNA turns aside with abhorrence.]

Thou hat'st him, then? nay, nay! thou canst no more
Than love him not. Yet, wherefore shouldst thou hate him?
We only hate those who would tear away
Those whom we love; but thou hast no beloved!
Thy heart is passionless. If it could feel—

JOANNA.

No more! lament me! wail my destiny!

SOREL.

What could be wanting to thy happiness?
Thou hast redeemed thy promise—France is free!
Thine all-victorious hand hath led the king
Even to the city of his coronation;
And high renown hath won thee. Love and homage
Are thine, the tribute of a happy people;
From every tongue thine overgushing praise
Breaks forth: thou art the goddess of this feast!
The new-crowned king himself, amid his state,
Shines not more great than thou.

JOANNA.

Oh, could I hide
Deep in the darkest bosom of the earth!

SOREL.

What mean'st thou? whence and what this strange emotion?
Who may with freedom gaze upon this day,
If thou must cast thy glances on the earth?
No, let me blush! me, who, beside thee, feel

My depth of littleness—my impotence,
 To mount to thy heroic strength and height!
 For, shall I own to thee my heart's full weakness?
 'Tis not my fatherland's renown; 'tis not
 The renovated splendour of the throne,
 Nor the proud exultation of the throngs,
 Pealing the strain of victory and joy,
 That busies this poor heart. One only 'tis
 That fills its fulness—it has room alone
 For this one single solitary feeling:
He is the people's idol—*him* they hail,
Him do they bless; for *him* they strew these flowers;
 And he is mine! mine only—my beloved!

JOANNA.

Oh, thou art happy! deem thyself most blest!
 Thou lov'st the loved of all! thou may'st lay bare
 Thine heart, speak loud thine ecstasies abroad,
 And wear them in the open gaze of all!
 The kingdom's feast is thy love's holyday.
 All the interminable throngs that crowd
 In multitudinous surges to these walls,
 Feel all thou feel'st, and sanctify the feeling.
 For thee they shout, for thee entwine the chaplet;
 One art thou with the universal bliss.
 Thou lov'st the sun, the all-rejoicing sun,
 The light around thee radiates from thy love!

SOREL (*falling on her neck*).

Oh, thou enchant'st me! thou dost comprehend
 My every feeling. Yes, I did misdeem thee—
 Thou art not ignorant of love—thy words
 Speak forth with might the stirrings of my heart,
 That bursts its bondage of reserve and fear,
 And springs, confiding, to thine own.

JOANNA (*bursting vehemently away*).

Unhand me!

Away! contaminate thyself no more
 With my pestiferous contact! Go! be happy!
 Leave me to shroud, in deepest night, my woe,
 My infamy, my horror.

SOREL.

Thou dost fray me.

I comprehend thee not; but ever yet
I failed to comprehend thee: thy dark being
Was ever veiled from me by its own night.
Who may conceive what wounds thy holy heart,
And delicate feeling of thy purest soul?

JOANNA.

'Tis thou that art the holy—thou the pure!
Couldst thou behold me inward, thou wouldst shudder,
And spurn from thee the enemy—the traitress!

SCENE III.

Enter DUNOIS, DU CHÂTEL, and LA HIRE with JOANNA's flag.

DUNOIS.

Joanna, we were seeking thee. All is
Prepared; the king hath sent us; 'tis his will
That thou before him bear the holy banner.
Thou shalt be seen companioned with his princes,
And nearest to his person shalt thou walk;
For he denies it not, and all the world
Shall bear him witness, that to thee alone
He owes the honour of this joyous day.

LA HIRE.

Here is the banner. Take it, noble maiden!
The princes and the people all await thee.

JOANNA.

I walk before my king? I bear the banner?

DUNOIS.

Whom else should it beseem? what other hand
Is pure enow to lift that holy symbol?
Thou waved'st it in battle—bear it now
For ornament, on this our march of joy.

[*LA HIRE reaches her the banner, she shudders
and recoils.*]

JOANNA.

Avaunt! avaunt!

LA HIRE.

What mean'st thou? dost thou shudder
At sight of thine own banner? Gaze upon it!

[*He unfurls the banner.*]



It is the same which thou didst wave in conquest.
Upon it is the Queen of heaven portrayed,
Hovering above the circle of this earth;
For so the Holy Mother did instruct thee.

JOANNA (*looking away with horror*).

'Tis she, herself! Even so appeared she to me.
Mark how she gazes. See! she knits her brows,
And burning wrath gleams through her dusky lids.

SOREL.

She raves! Joanna! be again thyself;
Thou seest but unreality—that form
Is but her earthly portraiture—herself
Walks 'mid the choirs of heaven.

JOANNA.

Vision of terror!

Com'st thou to scourge thy creature? Scourge me! slay me!
Lay hand upon thy thunderbolts, and hurl them
On my guilt-laden head! My vow is broken!
I have profaned, blasphemed thy holy name!

DUNOIS.

Woe to us all! what means this ominous speech?

LA HIRE (*in surprise to DU CHÂTEL*).

Conceive you of her strange demeanour?

DU CHÂTEL.

What

I see, I see. Long since have I divined
As much, and trembled.

DUNOIS.

How? what say you?

DU CHÂTEL.

What

I think I dare not utter. Would that all
Were over well, and our good king were crowned!

LA HIRE.

How? hath the panic, then, that from this banner
Was wont to go abroad, recoiled on thee?
Let England's children shudder at this sign:
It is the terror of the foes of France;
To her true citizens it is mild and gracious.

JOANNA.

Ha ! thou say'st truth. To friends 'tis kind and friendly ;
And sends dismay and terror on the foe.

[The Coronation-march is heard in the distance.]

DUNOIS.

Up with the banner ! lift it. Hark ! the pageant
Begins ! there is no moment to be lost.

[They force the banner on her ; she takes it with great reluctance, and exit ; the others follow.]

SCENE IV.

An open space in front of the Cathedral. The background is filled with spectators. BERTRAND, CLAUDE MARIE, and ETIENNE advance from among them ; MARGOT and LOUISON follow. The Coronation-march is heard deadened by the distance.

BERTRAND.

Hark ! minstrelsy ! 'tis they ! e'en now they approach !
What will be best ? shall we ascend the platform,
Or battle through the crowd, that we may lose
No part of all the spectacle ?

ETIENNE.

There is

No power to pierce the press. The streets are all
Gorged with a human mass on steed and car.
Hence let us, then, betake us to these houses ;
Here we conveniently may view the pageant
Soon as it passes.

CLAUDE MARIE.

It would seem, indeed,
Half France was congregated here to-day ;
So irresistible the tide, that even
In our far valleys of Lorraine hath floated
Us to its surface, and then swept us hither !

BERTRAND.

Who would sit lazy in his chimney-nook
When mighty deeds were acting in his land ?
Enow of toil and blood our strife hath cost
Ere the crown rested on the rightful brow !

And our own king, our own legitimate liege,
To whom we offer now the crown, shall never
Be worse attended than the boy whom Paris
Crowned at Saint Denis. His is no sincere
And loyal heart, who to this festival
Comes not, nor cries with us, Long live the King!

SCENE V.

MARGOT and LOUISON *advance*.

LOUISON.

Margot, we shall behold our sister soon!
How beats my heart!

MARGOT.

Yes, we shall see her now
In greatness and in splendour! we shall say,
That is Joanna! that is our own sister!

LOUISON.

I will not credit it, until these eyes
Behold it, that this mighty one, this Maid
Of Orleans, as they call her, is our sister
Joanna, who forsook us. [*The march sounds nearer.*

MARGOT.

Doubting still?
Thine eyes shall see it!

BERTRAND.

Hush! attend! they come!

SCENE VI.

The procession enters. Flutes and oboes precede; then come children dressed in white, with boughs in their hands; next, two heralds; then a troop of halberdiers; then follow Magistrates in their robes; then two Marshals with their truncheons; then the DUKE OF BURGUNDY, bearing the sword, DUNOIS with the sceptre, other nobles with the crown, the orb, and the staff of justice, others with offerings; after these, Knights, in the habits of their orders; chorister-boys

with the incense ; then two Bishops with the holy ampulla, the Archbishop with the crucifix. JOANNA follows with her standard : she walks with drooping head and wavering step ; her sisters testify surprise and joy at the sight. Behind her comes the King, under a canopy borne by four Barons ; courtiers follow ; soldiers close the proccession. When it has entered the church, the march ceases.

SCENE VII.

MARGOT.

Saw'st thou our sister ?

CLAUDE MARIE.

She in golden armour,
Who walked before the king, and bore the banner ?

MARGOT.

The same. That was Joanna, our own sister !

LOUISON.

And yet she knew us not ! she ne'er suspected
The nearness of a sister's loving heart.
She gazed upon the ground, and shewed so pale,
And trod so tremblingly beneath her banner,
I could not feel it pleasure when I saw her.

MARGOT.

So then, at last, I have beheld our sister
In grandeur and magnificence. What heart
Could have presaged — albeit, 'twere in a dream —
When she drove forth her flocks upon our mountains,
That we should e'er behold her in such pomp ?

LOUISON.

Our father's dream is now fulfilled, that we
Before our sister should bow down at Rheims.
That is the church which in his dream our sire
Beheld, and all is now accomplished.
But then our father saw some gloomy visions —
Alas ! I grieve to look upon her greatness !

BERTRAND.

Why stand we loitering here ? Come to the church
And see the ceremonial.

MARGOT.

Yes; come on!
Perchance we light upon our sister there.

LOUISON.

We now have seen her. Turn we then again
Back to our village.

MARGOT.

What! ere we exchange
Greeting, and kindly parle?

LOUISON.

She now belongs
No more to us; by princes is her place,
And monarchs. What are we, that we obtrude
With rude vainglorious pressure on her greatness?
She still was strange even when she was our own!

MARGOT.

Would she despise us? be ashamed to own us?

BERTRAND.

An if she would, the king would not. He hailed
With friendly greeting e'en his meanest subject.
Be she as high exalted as she will,
The king, at least, is higher!

[Trumpets and kettledrums within.]

CLAUDE MARIE.

To the church!

*[They hasten to the background, where they are
lost amid the crowd.]*

SCENE VIII.

*Enter THIBAUT, dressed in black; RAYMOND follows, and
endeavours to detain him.*

RAYMOND.

Stay, father Thibaut! keep thee from the crowd!
Oh, keep thee back! nought see'st thou here but faces
Of bright unmingled happiness. Thy grief
Insults this festival. Come! flee we hence
Without a thought's delay.

THIBAUT.

Didst thou observe
My wretched child? hast thou surveyed her near?

RAYMOND.

Oh, I implore thee, flee!

THIBAUT.

Didst thou remark
How her step faltered? how her countenance
Was pale and troubled? Miserable girl!
She feels her awful state. This is the moment
To rescue my poor child from hideous ruin.
I will improve it.

[Going.]

RAYMOND.

Stay! what mean'st thou, father?

THIBAUT.

I will surprise her—hurl her from the height
Of her vain fortune; yea, with arm of power
Will I conduct her back unto that faith
She now renounces.

RAYMOND.

Ah! perpend it well!
Hurl not thine own dear offspring to perdition!

THIBAUT.

Let her soul live! her body then may die.

[JOANNA rushes from the church without her standard.
The people throng her, fall down before her, and
kiss her garment. She is detained by the crowd in
the background.]

She comes! 'tis she! pale bursts she from the church!
Horror hath driven her off the holy ground!
It is the judgment of just Heaven, that thus
Reveals its terrors on her!

RAYMOND.

Fare thee well!
Desire my stay no longer. I came hither
Buoyant with hope; I leave o'ercome with anguish.
O Thibaut! I have seen thy child once more!
And feel that she is once more lost—farewell!

[Exeunt opposite ways.]

SCENE IX.

JOANNA (*disengaging herself from the crowd, and advancing*).
I cannot stay! spirits are chasing me!
The organ's swell howls like a thunder-peal—
The vaulted dome is crashing down upon me—
I must regain the expanse of the free heaven!
I left my banner in the holy precinct;
Never, no, never more this hand shall lift it!—
Methought I saw mine own belovèd sisters,
Margot and Louison, e'en like a dream
Glide past. 'Twas but a visionary cheat.
Alas, they are away—far, far away!
Far as my childhood's happiness—far, far
As joyous innocence!

MARGOT (*advancing*).

'Tis she! Joanna!

LOUISON (*springing to her*).

O my sweet sister!

JOANNA.

'Twas, then, no illusion!—
And here I hold you both! Thee, my Margot,
And thee, my Louison! Here, here, I hold you—
Here, in the strange and populous solitude,
I hold to me my faithful sisters' hearts!

MARGOT.

She knows us still—is still our good kind sister!

JOANNA.

And so it was your love that led you hither
So far—so far! you have forgiven your sister,
Who left unlovingly, nor bade farewell!

LOUISON.

'Twas Heaven's mysterious mission led thee forth.

MARGOT.

Thy fame, which stirs the universal world,
Which bears thy name foremost on every tongue,
Hath roused us in our quiet village-home,
And brought us to this feast's solemnity:

We have come hither to behold thy greatness,
And not alone.

JOANNA.

My father is with you!
Where, where is he? Why does he hide himself?

MARGOT.

Our father is not with us.

JOANNA.

No? He will not
Behold his child? Bring ye me not his blessing?

LOUISON.

He knows not we are here.

JOANNA.

He knows not? How?
Why not? Are ye bewildered? Ye are speechless,
And gaze upon the earth!—Where is my father?

MARGOT.

Since thou hast left—

LOUISON (*signing to her*).

Margot!

MARGOT.

Our father is
Sunk in dejection.

JOANNA.

How? dejection!

LOUISON.

Nay!

Be calm! thou knowest our father's boding spirit:
He will find comfort and tranquillity
When we assure him we have seen thee happy.

MARGOT.

Yes, thou art happy! yes, thou must be happy,
So mighty and so honoured!

JOANNA.

I am happy,
For I behold *you* once again—I drink
Your voices, dearest music, that recal
The blessedness of my parental home.

When I was tending flocks upon our mountains,
Then was I happy as in Paradise—
Can I not be that blessed child again?

[She hides her face on LOUISON's breast; CLAUDE MARIE, ETIENNE, and BERTRAND appear, and remain standing retired in the distance.]

MARGOT.

Come, Claude Marie! come, Etienne! come Bertrand!
Our sister is not haughty, but so gentle,
And speaks so kindly as she ne'er was wont,
When she was dwelling with us in the village.

[They advance and offer her their hands; JOANNA regards them with a fixed look, and falls into a deep reverie.]

JOANNA.

Where was I? Tell me! was all this but only
A long, long dream, and I am now awakened?
Am I away from Dom Remi? Is't so?
Fell I asleep beneath the wizard-tree,
And am awake, and you stand round me here,
Ye well-known kindly forms? Princes and battles,
And deeds of high emprise, then, were but dreams,
But shadows flitting o'er my slumbering brain.
For vivid come the dreams beneath that tree.
How came you hither? how came I myself
To Rheims? No, no; I ne'er left Dom Remi!
Assure me plainly, and rejoice my heart.

LOUISON.

We are at Rheims. Thou hast not merely dreamed
Of these exploits; in clear reality
Thou hast accomplished all. Bethink thee: gaze
Around thee—feel thy glittering golden armour.

[JOANNA feels her breastplate with her hand, reflects, and shudders.]

BERTRAND.

'Twas from my hand that she received this helm.

CLAUDE MARIE.

It is no wonder that you think you dream,
For what you have accomplished and wrought out
Could not in dreams have shewn more marvellous.

JOANNA (*rapidly*).

Come, let us flee! I go with you! I turn
Back to our village—to my father's bosom.

LOUISON.

Oh, come! come with us!

JOANNA.

All these people here
Exalt me far above my poor desert.
Ye have beheld me childish, small and weak:
Ye love me well, but ye adore me not!

MARGOT.

Thou wouldst abandon all this splendour, then?

JOANNA.

I fling it from me,—the detested show
That separates your loving hearts from mine;
And I will be a shepherdess again,
And, like a lowly maiden, will I tend you,
And with austerest penance will atone
That I did vainly lift myself above you! [Trumpets.

SCENE X.

The King comes forth from the church in his coronation-robcs.

AGNES SOREL, ARCHBISHOP, BURGUNDY, DUNOIS, LA HIRE,
DU CHÂTEL, Knights, Courtiers, Commons.

ALL VOICES (*cry repeatedly, as the King advances*).

Long live the king! long live King Charles the Seventh!

[Trumpets fall in with the cry. At a signal
from the King, the Heralds lift their trun-
cheons to command silence.

KING CHARLES.

Thanks, my good people! thanks for all your love!
The crown high Heaven hath placed upon our head
Was won and conquered by the sword: 'tis dewed
With the best heart's-blood of our country's children;
Yet shall the peaceful olive twine around it
In unpolluted verdure. Thanks to all
Who fought for us; forgiveness to all those

Who stood against us. Mercy hath been shewn us,
And our first royal word this day be—Mercy!

PEOPLE.

Long live the king! Long live King Charles the Good!

KING CHARLES.

From God alone, the sovereign Lord of all,
The kings of France receive their crown; but we
Have, in most visible and immediate wise,
Received it from His hand. Princes and people!
Here stands the messenger of Heaven, who gave
Back to your land the king of the true line,
And burst the yoke of foreign tyranny!
Henceforth her name be equal in our annals
To good St. Denis, champion of this land,
And be an altar raised to her renown!

PEOPLE.

Hail to the Maiden! Hail to our deliverer! [*Trumpets.*

KING CHARLES (*to JOANNA*).

If thou, like us, be sprung of mortal kind,
Tell me what fortune best may yield thee joy?
But if thy fatherland be there above,—
If thou dost veil the beams of heavenly nature
In this fair covert of a maiden form,
Remove the band that holds our shrouded sense,
And let us view thee in thy shape of light,
E'en as the heaven beholds thee, that in dust
We reverence and adore.

[*Universal silence; every eye is fixed on the Maid.*

JOANNA (*with sudden cry*).

'Tis he! my father!

SCENE XI.

THIBAUT *advances from the crowd, and stands immediately before her.*

SEVERAL VOICES.

Her father!

THIBAUT.

Ay, her sorrow-stricken father,
The parent of a luckless child, sent hither,
By Heaven's just judgment, to impeach his daughter.

BURGUNDY.

Ha! what is this?

DU CHÂTEL.

A dreadful dawn is breaking!

THIBAUT.

Deluded prince! blind people of this land!
Deem ye yourselves rescued by might divine?
Rescued ye are—but by the arts of hell!

[All recoil with terror.]

DUNOIS.

Doth the man rave?

THIBAUT.

Not I do rave, but thou,
And all these here, ay and even this wise bishop,
Who deem that might divine would manifest
Its greatness through a mean and silly wench.
See now if she, before her father's face,
Avouch the jugglery of that bold lie,
Wherewith she hath deluded prince and people.—
Here by all saints in heaven I thee adjure,
Belong'st thou to the holy and the pure?

*[Universal silence; all looks are directed
on her; she stands motionless.]*

SOREL.

Heavens! she is speechless!

THIBAUT.

That she needs must be,
At adjuration which the fiends beneath
Dread in their darkest deep! What! she a saint,
And minister of Heaven? In spot unhallowed
All this was planned—beneath the wizard tree,
Where, from old heathen days, the spirits of ill
Hold their black sabbath;—there did she make o'er
Her part immortal to the foe of man,
That he might grace her with brief earthly fame.
Bid her extend her arm: see there the puncture
Wherewith dark Hell hath marked her for its own!

BURGUNDY.

Horrible! yet we must believe the father
Who witnesses against his own dear child!

DUNOIS.

Nay, rather must we disbelieve the madman,
Who in his own dear child defames himself!

SOREL.

Oh, speak! Oh, break this evil-omened silence!
We do believe thee! we do firmly trust thee!
One word from out thy lips—one single word
Shall be enough—speak only—contradict
The horrible accusation—speak it plain
That thou art innocent, and we believe thee.

[JOANNA stands motionless; AGNES SOREL, in
terror, leaves her.

LA HIRE.

She is affrighted. Horror and amazement
Have closed her lips. Before an accusation
So fearful, innocence itself must tremble. [*Approaching her.*
Cheer thee, Joanna—be thyself. There is
In innocence a speech, a conquering look,
Whose lightning force blasts calumny. Arise
In holy indignation! raise thy glance!
Awe down to shame and chastisement the doubt
Unworthy, that would taint thy holy virtue!

[JOANNA stands motionless. LA HIRE recoils
in terror. The sensation is increased.

DUNOIS.

Why do the people fly? why e'en the princes
Tremble? Here, on the honour of a prince,
I pledge me, she is innocent! Here I cast
My knightly gauntlet—who dares call her guilty?

[*A heavy thunderclap. All stand terrified.*

THIBAUT.

Answer by that! say thou art innocent,
Deny the enemy's presence in thy heart,
And give thy sire the lie!

[*A second heavier thunderclap. The people
fly on all sides.*

BURGUNDY.

Good angels guard us!

It was a fearful sign!

DU CHÂTEL (*to the King*).Fly, fly, my liege,
This unblest spot!ARCHBISHOP (*to JOANNA*).

I charge thee, in the name
 Wherewith thy sire adjured thee, art thou silent
 From consciousness of innocence or guilt?
 If these dread voices witness on thy side,
 Clasp thou this cross to thee and give a sign!

[JOANNA remains motionless. Heavy thunders.

*Exeunt the KING, AGNES SOREL, ARCHBISHOP,
 BURGUNDY, LA HIRE, and DU CHÂTEL.*

SCENE XII.

DUNOIS.

Thou art my bride—I have believed on thee
 Since first I saw thee, and believe thee still.
 Yes! I believe thee more than all these signs,
 E'en than the thunder-voice that speaks above.
 Silent in generous ire, thou didst disdain,
 Enshrouded in thy holy innocence,
 The confutation of so foul a charge.
 Disdain it still! yet trust to me thy heart;
 I never doubted of thy innocence.
 Speak not one word to me: give but thy hand
 For gage and token, that thou dost confide
 Thyself to my good arm and thy good cause.

[*He reaches his hand to her; she turns away from
 him. He stands fixed in astonishment.*

Enter DU CHÂTEL.

DU CHÂTEL.

Joanna d'Arc! the king hath granted thee,
 That unmolested thou depart the city.
 The gates stand open for thee. Fear no harm;
 The king's safe-conduct is sufficient surety.—

Count Dunois, follow me. You gain no honour
By lingering here. Who could have dreamed of this?

[*Exit.* DUNOIS starts from his reverie, casts a look on
JOANNA, and exit. She stands a moment. RAYMOND
appears, lingers a while in the distance, and observes
her in silent distress. He then advances to her, and
clasps her hand.

RAYMOND.

Improve the present moment. All the streets
Are clear. Give me thy hand; I will conduct thee.

[*At sight of him she gives the first sign of consciousness;
looks at him with fixed gaze, then turns her eyes to
heaven; at last she grasps his hand, and retires.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A wild forest. Charcoal-burners' huts in the distance. Darkness, broken by occasional lightning; heavy thunder.

CHARCOAL-BURNER *and his* WIFE.

CHARCOAL-BURNER.

It is a merciless and hideous tempest!
The sky is threatening to disgorge its stores
In floods of fire; and in mid light of day
'Tis night, that, were it not of clouds, would shew
The stars. The storm raves like the fiends unchained;
The firm earth rocks; and, crashing to the ground,
The agèd ash-trees bow their beaten crests.
Yet this most awful elemental strife,
That teaches e'en fierce natures gentleness,
And sends them tame and cowering to their lairs,
Can teach no amity to wilder men.
Above the howling wind and roaring storm
Ye hear the artillery's rebellowing peal:
And now both armies stand so near each other,
The wood alone divides, and any moment
May bring the bloody horror to the day.

WIFE.

Good saints defend us!—the foe was, I thought,
Crushed on the head, and scattered to the winds:
How comes it, then, he troubles us again?

CHARCOAL-BURNER.

He fears the king no longer. Since the Maid
Was found at Rheims to prove a sorceress,
The foul fiend helps our cause no more, and all
Goes backward now.

WIFE.

Hark! who approaches there?

SCENE II.

Enter RAYMOND and JOANNA.

RAYMOND.

I see some huts. Come on! here we may find
 A refuge from the raging storm. Thy strength
 Bears up no longer. Thou hast roamed about
 Now three long days, shunning the glance of men,
 With no more sustenance than what wild roots
 And herbs supply. *[The storm clears.]*

Here are compassionate people;
 Let us go in.

CHARCOAL-BURNER.

You seem to need repose;
 Come in! what our poor roof can yield is yours.

WIFE.

What means a gentle maid attired in arms?—
 But sooth it is a troublous time, when even
 Woman does well to don the brigandine!
 They say the queen, the Lady Isabel,
 Appears in the foe's camp in martial garb;
 And a young maiden, a poor shepherd girl,
 Hath fought the battles of the king our lord.

CHARCOAL-BURNER.

Good wife, no more. Go in, and bring the maid
 A draught that may restore her. *[Exit WIFE into the hut.]*

RAYMOND (to JOANNA).

Humankind,
 Thou see'st, are not all cruel; gentle hearts
 Dwell even in the wild. Cheer thee! the storm
 Hath spent its fury; and the sun once more
 Returns, and, beaming peace, goes down.

CHARCOAL-BURNER.

I deem

You seek the army of our king, since thus
 You travel armed. Look to yourselves! close by
 The English lie encamped, and through the wood
 Their chivalry come on.

RAYMOND.

Disastrous chance!

How, then, may we escape?

CHARCOAL-BURNER.

Rest here concealed

Until my boy comes homeward from the town.

He will conduct you forth by secret paths,

That you have nought to fear; all the by-ways

Are known to us.

RAYMOND (*to JOANNA*).

Lay off the helm and corslet;

They do but make thee known, and guard thee not.

[*JOANNA makes sign of refusal.*]

CHARCOAL-BURNER.

The maid is deeply sad.—Hush! who comes there?

SCENE III.

WIFE comes out of the house with a cup. Enter CHARCOAL-BURNER'S Son.

WIFE.

Here is our boy, whom we expected back.

Drink, noble maid! and blessing crown the draught!

CHARCOAL-BURNER.

Com'st thou, Anet? what bring'st thou?

BOY (*as JOANNA sets the cup to her mouth, recognises her, and tears the cup away*).

Mother! mother!

What are you doing? know you whom you harbour?

That is the witch of Orleans!

CHARCOAL-BURNER and WIFE.

Heaven preserve us!

[*They cross themselves, and flee.*]

SCENE IV.

JOANNA.

Thou seest, a curse pursues me—all things flee me;

Look to thyself—forsake me like the rest.

RAYMOND.

Forsake thee! I forsake thee? now too? Who
Shall then be thy companion?

JOANNA.

I am not
Companionless. Thou heard'st the thunder o'er me.
My destiny conducts me. Fear not—I
Shall reach my goal, albeit I seek it not.

RAYMOND.

Whither, then, would'st thou fare? here stand the English,
Who swore against thee fierce revenge and bloody;
There stand our countrymen, who drove thee forth
A perishing outlaw.

JOANNA.

Nought can me befall
But what must be.

RAYMOND.

Who, then, will find for thee
Thy daily sustenance? who will then protect thee
From savage beasts, and yet more savage men?
Who cherish thee in sickness and in sorrow?

JOANNA.

I know all herbs, all roots that grow i' th' earth;
My sheep have taught me to discriminate
The wholesome from the harmful. I have learned
The courses of the stars, the paths of clouds;
And my ear tells where hidden springs are gushing.
Man needs but little, and kind Nature teems
With life.

RAYMOND.

And wilt thou not inquire within thee?
Seek peace with conscience? penitent return
Into the bosom of the holy Church?

JOANNA.

Dost thou too hold me stained with that dark sin?

RAYMOND.

How should I not? thy taciturn confession——

JOANNA.

What! thou, who thus hast followed me to sorrow,
The only creature that was true to me,

That chain'st thyself to me, when all the world
Hath spurned me forth,—thou hold'st me reprobate,
Renouncer of my faith? [RAYMOND makes no answer.

Oh, that is hard!

RAYMOND.

And art thou, then, indeed no sorceress?

JOANNA.

Couldst thou believe it?

RAYMOND.

Then thou hast indeed
Achieved these marvels in the strength of Heaven
And of the saints?

JOANNA.

How else could I have wrought them?

RAYMOND.

And thou wert silent at that hideous charge!
Thou speakest now, and yet before the king,
When speech would have availed thee, thou wert mute!

JOANNA.

I silently resigned me to the fate
That God, my Master, had decreed for me.

RAYMOND.

But to thy father thou couldst nought reply.

JOANNA.

It was a mightier Father tried me then,
And I shall find His trial fatherly.

RAYMOND.

Why, Heaven itself bore witness to thy guilt!

JOANNA.

Heaven spake: I therefore spake not.

RAYMOND.

How? thou mightst
Have cleared thee with a word, and dost thou leave
The world to wander in this fatal error?

JOANNA.

It was no error—'twas a providence.

RAYMOND.

And didst thou bear that ignominy guiltless,
 And no complaint unsealed thy indignant lips?
 Thou dost astonish me! I stand dismayed!
 My very heart turns in my deepest bosom!
 Oh, gladly would I take thy word for truth,
 For sore it grieved me to believe thy guilt;
 Yet could I dream that any human heart
 Would bear such monstrous wrong, nor find a voice?

JOANNA.

Did I deserve to be the messenger,
 Unless I blindly served the Master's will?—
 And I am not so wretched as thou deemest.
 I suffer want; but that is no misfortune
 In my degree. I am a fugitive—
 An outcast; but in loneliness I learned
 To know myself. When greatness beamed around me,
 Then was the struggle in my breast: I was
 The unhappiest of the crowd, when to the world
 I seemed most enviable; but now I find
 Healing within me; and this storm in nature,
 Which threatened her destruction, was my friend;
 It purified the world—and me no less.
 Peace is within me: and befall what will,
 I feel no consciousness of weakness now!

RAYMOND.

Oh, come! come! let us hasten to proclaim
 Thy innocence aloud to all the world!

JOANNA.

He who hath sent the mystery will solve it;
 The fruit of Fate falls only when 'tis ripe:
 A day shall yet arrive that shall assoil me;
 And they who late rejected and condemned me
 Shall wake to consciousness of past delusion,
 And tears shall then atone my destiny.

RAYMOND.

How should I bear in silence, till the chance—

JOANNA (*gently pressing his hand*).

Thou dost but see the natural face of things.
 Earth dulls thy vision. I have looked upon
 All that is deathless with these eyes. No hair

Falls from the head of man, save by the law
Of definite Providence. See'st thou yon sun
Go down the heaven? So sure as he returns
To-morrow in the brightness of his youth,
So comes infallibly the morn of truth!

SCENE V.

QUEEN ISABEL *and Soldiers enter from behind.*

ISABEL (*yet behind the scenes*).
This is the way into the English camp!

RAYMOND.
Oh, mercy! 'tis the foe!

[*Soldiers advance, observe JOANNA,
and fall back in disorder.*]

ISABEL.
Now then, what stays you?

SOLDIERS.
Heaven shield us!

ISABEL.
What, then, have ye seen a spectre?
Can ye be soldiers? Cravens! how is this?

[*She advances through the others, but
falls back on beholding JOANNA.*]

Ha! what do I behold? [*She recovers herself, and advances.*]
Yield thee! thou art

My prisoner!

JOANNA.
I am. [RAYMOND *flies.*]

ISABEL.
Lay her in chains!
[*The soldiers approach JOANNA with hesitation;
she extends her arm, and is chained.*]

Is this the mighty one, the Maid of terror,
Who scared and chased your chivalry like lambs,
And now is powerless to protect herself?
Keeps she her miracles for those who trust them,
And turns a woman at a man's encounter? [To JOANNA.
Why hast thou left thine army? where remains
Count Dunois, thy bold champion and protector?

JOANNA.

I have been banishèd.

ISABEL.

What? how? thou banishèd!
And by the Dauphin?

JOANNA.

Ask me not! I am
Now in thy power. Decide my destiny.

ISABEL.

Thou banishèd! who rescuedst him from forth
The fathomless abyss! crown'dst him at Rheims,
Mad'st him sole lord of France! *Thou* banishèd!
Therein indeed I recognise my son!
Conduct her to the camp. Shew to the army
The goblin before which so oft they trembled!
What! she a sorceress? all her sorcery
Is but your folly, and your craven hearts.
She is but a poor fool, who gave herself
A victim for her king, and for her service
Receives king's pay. Bring her to Lionel—
I send him bound the fortune of the French,
And follow straight.

JOANNA.

To Lionel? nay—slay me
Forthwith, ere I be sent to Lionel!

ISABEL (*to the soldiers*).

Perform my bidding! Off with her! Away! [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

JOANNA.

Englishmen! see ye let me not escape
Out of your hands alive! Avenge yourselves!
Out with your swords, and bathe them in my heart,
And drag me lifeless to your chieftain's feet!
Remember ye, 'twas I who hurled to death
Your best and noblest—never shewed you pity—
Let flow whole rivers of your English blood,
And to the bravest of your gallant race
Denied the day of long-desired return.

Take sanguinary vengeance! take my life!
Ye have me now; ye never may behold me
So weak again.

OFFICER OF THE GUARD.
Do ye the queen's behest.

JOANNA.
Must I be yet more wretched than I was?
Dread Virgin Mother, thou hast smitten sore!
Am I, then, wholly from thy favour cast?
Nor saint nor angel comes to aid me more;
Heaven opes not now, and miracle is past.
[Exit with the soldiers.]

SCENE VII.

The French Camp.

DUNOIS *between the* ARCHBISHOP *and* DU CHÂTEL.

ARCHBISHOP.
Subdue your gloomy melancholy, prince!
Come on with us! turn back unto your king!
Abandon not the common interest
At such a moment, when, distressed anew,
We need the prowess of your puissant arm.

DUNOIS.
And why are we distressed? Why hath the foe
Risen up again? All was accomplishèd;
France was victorious, and the conflict ended.
You outlawed your deliverer: now deliver
Yourselves! for never more will I behold
The camp where she abides no longer.

DU CHÂTEL.

Prince!

Take better resolution! Leave us not
With such reply as this!

DUNOIS.

Peace, Du Châtel!

I hate thee—I will hear no word from thee—
Thou wert the first to doubt her.

ARCHBISHOP.

And yet who
Doubted her not? whose faith could stand unwavering
On that unhappy day, when every sign
Witnessed against her? we were stunned, aghast;
That thunder shook our very hearts; that hour
Of terror was no time to weigh and try.
But now reflection is to us returned;
We contemplate her as she walked among us,
And find in her no blame. We are bewildered;
We dread lest we be found the perpetrators
Of grievous wrong. The king is all remorse;
The duke accuses his own haste; La Hire
Is inconsolable; and every heart
Enshrouds itself in grief.

DUNOIS.

She a deceiver!
If Truth in visible shape would stand embodied,
She must assume the features of that Maid!
If innocence, faith, purity of heart,
Abide on earth at all,—upon her lips,
In her clear eye, assuredly they dwell!

ARCHBISHOP.

Heaven in miraculous mercy interpose,
And lighten this dark mystery, which the film
Of dull mortality forbids our eyes
To penetrate! yet howsoe'er the riddle
Be solved and disentangled, this is certain—
One of the twain hath our transgression been:
We have maintained our cause by hellish arms
Of sorcery, or have banished a saint;
And either calls the wrath and chastisement
Of Heaven on this our miserable land!

SCENE VIII.

Enter a Nobleman.

NOBLEMAN.

A shepherd youth is asking for your highness;
And earnestly entreats that you would grace him

With personal audience. He is come, he says,
So please you, from the Maid.

DUNOIS.

Haste! instantly
Conduct him in! he comes from her!

[*Nobleman opens the door for RAYMOND, who enters.*
Where is she?

Where is the Maiden?

RAYMOND.

Hail, most noble prince!
And much it joys me at your side to find
This godly man, this venerable bishop,
The refuge of the oppressèd, and the father
Of the forsaken.

DUNOIS.

Where is she—the Maiden?

ARCHBISHOP.

Tell us, my son.

RAYMOND.

My lord, she is indeed
No black enchantress! By all saints in heaven,
The nation is deluded! Ye have outlawed
Pure innocence! cast out the elect of Heaven!

DUNOIS.

Where is she? Tell us!

RAYMOND.

I was her companion
Upon her flight in Arden wood; and there
She hath disclosed to me her inmost soul.
Let me expire in torments, let my soul
Forego its interest in eternal bliss,
If she be not most pure from every guilt!

DUNOIS.

The sun himself in heaven is not more pure!
Where is she? speak!

RAYMOND.

Oh, if kind Heaven hath turned
Your hearts, haste forth! Oh, speed to her deliverance!
She is a prisoner in the English camp.

DUNOIS.

A prisoner! how?

ARCHBISHOP.

Alas, unhappy Maid!

RAYMOND.

In Arden wood, where we had sought us shelter,
 Was she made prisoner by the Queen, by whom
 She is surrendered to the hand of England.
 Deliver your deliverer! rescue her
 From a most hideous death!

DUNOIS.

Up! out! to arms!
 Bid our alarums sound! strike up our drums!
 Lead all our people to the fight! All France
 Be stirring and arrayed! Honour is pawned!
 The crown, nay, the palladium, stol'n away!
 Set blood, set life, upon the cast! she shall
 Be free, ere yonder sun goes down the heaven! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.

*A watch-tower. An opening above.*JOANNA, LIONEL. *To them enter FASTOLF hastily.*

FASTOLF.

The populace can be restrained no longer—
 In fury they demand the Maiden's life.
 Vainly wouldst thou resist them. Slay her! fling
 O'er the tower's battlements her guilty head:
 Nought save her blood will pacify the army.

Enter ISABEL.

ISABEL.

They set the ladders! they assault the wall!
 Content the people! wouldst thou have us wait
 Till in blind fury they surround the tower,
 And overwhelm us in its ruins? 'Tis all vain;
 Thou canst not guard her. Yield her to her foes.

LIONEL.

Let them storm on! yes, let them rage and roar!
 This fortalice is firm, and in its ruins

Will I be sepulchred ere they shall bend me.—
Now, answer me, Joanna! be but mine,
And I will guard thee 'gainst a world in arms!

ISABEL.

Art thou a man?

LIONEL.

Thy countrymen have spurned thee;
Thou art released from every claim of duty
Towards thy unworthy fatherland. The cravens
Who sought thy love, they have forsaken thee.
They ventured not the tourney for thine honour.
But I against my people and thine own
Maintain thy cause. Once didst thou let me hope
My life was dear to thee; yet then I stood
Against thee in the battle as thy foe:
Now hast thou not a friend, save me.

JOANNA.

Thou art

To me my countrymen's detested foe.
Nought common can exist 'twixt thee and me.
Love thee I never can: but if thy heart
Inclines to love me still, let it bring blessing
For our torn people. Lead away thy powers
Forth from the borders of my fatherland;
Surrender up the keys of all the cities
Which ye have wrung from France; restore all plunder;
Set free our prisoners; send us hostages
For true fulfilment of the holy treaty:
And here, in my king's name, I grant thee peace.

ISABEL.

Wouldst thou prescribe conditions from thy chains?

JOANNA.

Yes! yield them while ye may! for yield ye must!
France never will endure the bonds of England!
Never, no, never! sooner shall she prove
The one broad grave of all your chivalry.
Your worthiest are already fallen. Take counsel
For your secure return—but your renown
Is lost, your power for ever past away.

ISABEL.

Can ye endure the maniac's insolence?

SCENE X.

Enter an Officer in haste.

OFFICER.

Speed, good my lord, to marshal your array!
The French with flying colours are advancing;
The vale is all on glitter with their arms.

JOANNA.

The Frenchmen are advancing! Now, proud England,
Forth to the field! Now shall the brave prevail!

ISABEL.

Poor raving creature! tame thy exulting mood!
Thou wilt not see the setting of yon sun!

JOANNA.

My people will prevail, and I shall die!
The gallant warriors need my arm no longer.

LIONEL.

These weaklings are beneath my scorn! already
Have we, in twenty fights, chased them before us,
Ere this heroic Maiden warred for them!
The nation I despise, except one woman;
Her have they outlawed. Fastolf! let us come!
We will provide them with a second Cressy,
A second Poictiers too. Your majesty
May stay in safety in the tower, and watch
The Maiden, till the battle is decided.
I leave you fifty knights for your protection.

FASTOLF.

What! shall we march against the enemy,
And let this crazy maniac stay behind?

JOANNA.

Doth a chained woman frighten you?

LIONEL.

Give me

Thy word, Joanna, thou wilt not escape.

JOANNA.

Escape is all I covet.

ISABEL.

Load her now

With threefold fetters! here I pledge my life
She ne'er shall quit them.

LIONEL.

Thou hast willed it so,
Joanna! thou compell'st us! Choose thee now!
Renounce ungrateful France, bear England's banner,
And thou art free, and all these furious spirits,
Now thirsting for thy blood, perform thy hest!

FASTOLF.

Forth, forth, my chief!

JOANNA.

Be sparing of thy words.

The French advance! Look to thy own defence!

[*Trumpets. Exit* LIONEL.]

FASTOLF.

Your majesty knows what to do. If Fortune
Declares against us—if your majesty
Perceive our people flee——

ISABEL (*drawing a dagger*).

Be not uneasy!

She never shall survive to see our fall.

FASTOLF (*to* JOANNA).

Thou know'st what waits thee. Now obtain by prayer
Success upon thy people's arms! [*Exit.*]

SCENE XI.

JOANNA.

That will I!

Therein shall none prevent me! Hark! there peals
My people's war-march! Oh, how soul-inspiring,
How conquest-telling rings it through my heart!
Ruin to England! victory to the French!
Up, gallant countrymen! the Maid is with you!
She cannot now before you, as of old,

Uplift the banner ; heavy bonds constrain her :
Yet free from forth her dungeon soars her soul
On the proud pinions of your martial strain.

ISABEL (*to a Soldier*).

Ascend the watch-tower,—it o'erlooks the field,—
And tell us thence the fortune of the fight.

[*Soldier goes up.*]

JOANNA.

Courage, my countrymen ! 'Tis the last struggle !
This one more victory, and the foe lies low !

ISABEL.

What seest thou ?

SOLDIER.

They are met. A furious chief
In tiger's spoils, towering upon a barb,
Springs forward with the men-at-arms.

JOANNA.

It is
The Count Dunois ! now onward, gallant champion !
Victory is with thee !

SOLDIER.

Burgundy attacks
The bridge.

ISABEL.

'Ten lances pierce his hollow heart,
Consummate traitor !

SOLDIER.

The Lord Fastolf there
Resists him manfully. See, they dismount,
Our people and the duke's. Now they are fighting,
Man against man.

ISABEL.

Canst thou not see the Dauphin ?
Seest not the royal cognisance ?

SOLDIER.

All now
Is lost in dust. I can distinguish nothing.

JOANNA.

Had he mine eye, or did I stand above,
The smallest matter had not passed unseen.

The wild fowl can I number on the wing,
And track the falcon in the highest air.

SOLDIER.

There is an awful rush about the trench :
The noblest and the first seem battling there.

ISABEL.

Waves yet our banner ?

SOLDIER.

Proudly.

JOANNA.

Oh, that I

Could but see through some fissure of these walls,
My glance should sway the fortune of this fight !

SOLDIER.

Alas ! what see I ? our commander is
Surrounded !

ISABEL (*drawing her dagger on JOANNA*).

Perish, wretch !

SOLDIER.

Now he is rescued.

The gallant Fastolf charges in the rear
The foe—he bursts into his mid array.

ISABEL (*withdrawing her dagger*).

Thine angel spake that word !

SOLDIER.

Victory ! they flee !

ISABEL.

Who flee ?

SOLDIER.

The French flee, the Burgundians flee !

The field is covered with the fugitives.

JOANNA.

Virgin ! thou wilt not thus abandon me !

SOLDIER.

One sorely wounded there is borne along.

Many are hasting to his aid—he is

A prince.

ISABEL.

One of our people, or the French ?

SOLDIER.

They have unlaced his helm—'tis Count Dunois.

JOANNA (*grasping her chains convulsively*).
And I am nothing but a fettered woman!

SOLDIER.

See! ho! who wears a mantle of heaven's azure,
Bordered with gold?

JOANNA.

That is my lord the king.

SOLDIER.

His steed is frightened—now he stumbles—now
He falls—now he is struggling hard to rise.
Our men-at-arms come up in full career—
Now they have reached him—now they encompass him—

JOANNA.

Oh, is there not one angel more in heaven!

ISABEL (*laughing contemptuously*).

Now is thy time, deliverer! to the rescue!

JOANNA.

Mock on! Thou mov'st me not. In this my hour
Of dark extremity, I send my spirit
To heaven in glowing agony of prayer.
There lives a Power can make the spider's line
Strong as the cordage of an argosie;
Nor is it labour to Omnipotence
To change to thinnest cobweb-threads the chains
Of hardest adamant. At that high Will
These bonds would fall apart—this wall be rent
From battlement to base. Samson was blind
And fettered, and endured the bitter mock
Of contumelious foes. Yet in that might
He grasped the pillars of his prison-house,
And bowed himself, and overthrew the pile—

SOLDIER.

Triumph, my royal mistress!

ISABEL.

Well, what is it?

SOLDIER.

The king is prisoner!

JOANNA.

Now be Heaven my speed !
[*She breaks her chains, wrests a sword from
the nearest soldier, and hurries out.*]

SCENE XII.

ISABEL (*after some pause*).

What was that ? did I dream ? How fled she hence ?
How burst she then these gyves of ponderous strength ?
I would not have believed a world affirming
What I myself have witnessed with these eyes !

SOLDIER.

How ? hath she wings ? or hath the hurricane
Borne her away ?

ISABEL.

Speak ! is she there ?

SOLDIER.

She treads
The midmost of the fight—her course is swifter
Than I can trace—now she is here, now there—
I see her now at once in many places !
She cleaves the armèd throngs—all yields before her !
The Frenchmen stand—they rally now anew—
Alas ! what do I see ? Our people fling
Their arms away—our banners are gone down—

ISABEL.

What ! will she wrest from us assured success ?

SOLDIER.

Straight onward to the king she presses—she
Hath reached him—now she tears him from the fight—
Lord Fastolf falls—the chieftain now is taken.

ISABEL.

I hear no more ! Come down !

SOLDIER.

Flee, flee, my queen !
You will be captured else—an armèd force
Comes rushing on the tower.

ISABEL (*drawing her sword*).

Fight, coward slaves !

SCENE XIII.

Enter LA HIRE with soldiers.

LA HIRE.

Your majesty must yield. Omnipotence
Is irresistible. Your knights already
Have made submission. All resistance further
Is unavailing. Please it you accept
My service, and command whither you choose
To be escorted.

ISABEL.

Every place to me
Is equal, so I meet not there the Dauphin.

*[She surrenders her sword, and
follows with the soldiers.]*

SCENE XIV.

The field of battle.

*The background is filled with Soldiers with flying colours.
The KING and the DUKE OF BURGUNDY bear in JOANNA,
wounded and insensible. AGNES SOREL enters hastily, and
falls on the KING's breast.*

SOREL.

Thou livest! thou art free! mine once again!

KING CHARLES.

I am. But at what cost? See there!

SOREL.

Joanna!

Oh, mercy! she is dying!

BURGUNDY.

All is o'er.

An angel hath departed. Lo, she lies
Painless and placid, like a sleeping child!
The peace of Heaven plays sweetly o'er her features;
No breath now heaves her bosom more, though life
Leaves its warm lingering trace upon her hand.

KING CHARLES.

She hath departed — she will wake no more !
No form of earth will meet that eye again.
She hovers o'er us now, a spirit of light,
And sees no more our grief and our remorse.

SOREL.

She opes her eyes ! she lives !

BURGUNDY.

Does she return
Back to us from the grave ? o'erpowers she Death ?
She lifts herself ! she stands erect !

JOANNA (*gazing round*).

Where am I ?

BURGUNDY.

Among thy people ! with thine own, Joanna !

KING CHARLES.

In thy friend's arms, thy king's !

JOANNA (*after looking at him long and vacantly*).

No, no, indeed

I am no sorceress — indeed I am not —

KING CHARLES.

No ; thou art pure and holy as an angel ;
Our eye it was that darkness shrouded o'er.

JOANNA.

And am I truly 'mid my countrymen ?
Am I no more despised and spurned away ?
No more accursed, but met with looks of kindness ?
Yes ! now I clearly see it all again !
That is my king ! there wave my country's banners !
And yet mine own I see not — where is it ?
I must not go without my banner home ;
It was entrusted to me by my Master ;
And I must lay it down before His throne.
I dare present it ; for I bore it still
With steady loyalty.

KING CHARLES.

Give her the banner !

JOANNA.

A roseate gleam spreads widening o'er the sky !
See ye the bow of promise in the air ?
Heaven opes its golden portals ! Radiant there
Amid the angelic choir she stands ; she holds
Upon her breast the everlasting Child ;
She stretches forth her loving arms to meet me.
Where am I ? floating clouds uplift me now —
The ponderous hauberk is a wingèd robe !
Up ! up ! away ! earth from my sight recedes !
Brief is the pang, and endless is the bliss !

[*Dies. At a signal from the King, the banners
gently droop and cover the body.*]

NOTES.

Page 1. "*Thibaut d'Arc, Margot, Louison, Joanna, Etienne, Claude Marie, Raymond.*"

The name of Joan's father, according to all historians, was Jacques. Joan had only one sister.

*"The grandson of our kings must wander now
Through his own realm a crownless fugitive."*

The dauphin, afterwards Charles VII., for his share in the murder of John the Fearless, duke of Burgundy, was summoned before his father and Henry V. king of England, at "the Marble Table;" and, not appearing, was pronounced by them, and by the council and parliament, incapable of succeeding to the crown, and to any lands or lordships in France.

P. 2. "*Joanna, cheer our sire, and take example.*"

The name Joanna has been chosen in preference to Joan, as better adapted to metrical purposes. Jeanne would be intolerable to the English ear.

P. 4. "*The Druid's tree.*"

It was called "the Ladies' tree," or "the Fairies' tree," and is generally stated to have been a beech.

P. 6. "*A dark Bohemian woman did accost me.*"

The French term the gypsies "*Bohemiens.*"

P. 7. "*In two great battles we again are beaten.*"

Salisbury, on his way to Orleans, took several towns; among others, Jenville, Mehun, Beaugency, Gergeau, Clery, and Sully.

P. 8. "*The mother queen, proud Isabel,
Bavaria's princess.*"

Daughter of Stephen II., duke of Bavaria, and consort of Charles VI. Her son, afterwards Charles VII., at the instigation of the constable Armagnac, seized her money, jewels, and plate, and led his father to believe that she intended the alienation of the crown. He also accused her of infidelity to her husband, and procured her alleged paramour to be put to death. In consequence of these charges, she was placed in confinement, first at Blois, and afterwards at Tours. In revenge for these proceedings, as well as for his murder of the Duke of Burgundy, she became her son's most implacable enemy.

P. 10. "*A single knight alone, so heard I tell,
Hath raised a small but faithful chivalry,
And sped him to the king with sixteen pennons.*"

That is, with sixteen companies, each distinguished by its pennon.—See after, p. 33.

"*Baudricour.*"

Robert de Baudricour, governor of Vancouleurs. He remained at his post, where Joan introduced herself to him.

P. 15. "*Dunois.*"

The Bastard of Orleans did not receive this title until some years after this period.

"*The Constable has sent us back his sword.*"

The character of the Constable, Arthur de Richemont, as here drawn by Charles, seems true to history. But, so far from returning his sword, it appears that Richemont, who was under disgrace for his failures in Normandy, did at this time offer his aid to the king, and was refused. Notwithstanding this, he marched to aid the king at the siege of Beaugency, and was there accepted.

P. 16. "*René,*

The good old king."

I here append Schiller's note: "René the Good, Count of Provence, of the house of Anjou. His father and brother were kings of Naples; and, after his brother's death, he laid claim to that kingdom, but failed in the undertaking. He endeavoured to revive the old provençal poetry, and the 'Cour d'Amour;' and appointed a 'Prince d'Amour,' as the highest knight in affairs

of gallantry and love. In the same romantic spirit, he and his consort assumed the characters of shepherd and shepherdess."

René is, less correctly, termed by Shakspeare, and whoever was the writer of the first part of King Henry VI., Reignier. Shakspeare, no less than Schiller, notices the poverty and ostentation of this prince :—

" — the poor king Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse."

Second Part of King Henry VI., Act i. sc. 1.

P. 19. "*The noble Count of Rochepierre.*"

The Count de Gaucour was governor of Orleans at this time.

P. 20. "*Have I, then, lost Saintrailles ?*"

Ponthon de Saintrailles, or Xaintrailles, survived the siege of Orleans. He was taken prisoner by the English in Normandy ; and his value to Charles may be inferred from the fact that he was exchanged for Talbot.

" *Earl Douglas sends to say, the Scottish troops
Have mutinied.*"

The Earl of Douglas had fallen at the battle of Verneuil.

P. 21. "*Rend from my bleeding breast the panting heart,
And coin it up for gold !*"

" By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas," &c.

SHAKS. Jul. Cæs., Act iv. sc. 3.

" *Her race is noble—noble as mine own.*"

Agnes Sorel was lady of Tromenteau ; but it does not appear that she was connected with any royal family. Two views of her character are given by historians ; according to some, she was the guiltless favourite of Charles VII. ; and, in support of this view, it is alleged that she was no less a favourite with the queen ; which was indeed the fact. Yet her connexion with the king, according to others, and on better authority, appears to have been different. Schiller seems to have discarded both these views, and to have compounded a third out of them. The Sorel of Schiller is not either Sorel of history. She impresses us with the idea that she is the *wife*, but not the *queen*, of Charles ; and the reader is left to reconcile these suppositions as he may, saying, with Burgundy, as he plants the rose in her hair, " Why is not this the royal crown

of France?" No hint is dropped of the existence of any other wife; and the whole conversation between Sorel and Joanna in the fourth act, especially the verse,

"'Tis thou that art the holy—thou the pure!"

is as utterly inconsistent with the latter of the above-mentioned historical views as the whole character completely rejects the idea of the mere friend or favourite. The purity of Schiller's Sorel gives her a great superiority to Byron's Myrrha, who appears to have been, in some measure, drawn after her, as his Sardanapalus is not without analogy to Schiller's Charles.

P. 22. "*Well, now an old prediction is fulfilled.
I do remember me, in Clermont once
A nun foretold, by the prophetic spirit,*" &c.

The nun's name was Mary d'Avignon.

P. 23. "*That thou to him should'st render Du Châtel,
Whom he proclaims assassin of his father.*"

Tannegui du Châtel struck the first blow on the person of John the Fearless, duke of Burgundy, who was treacherously assassinated on the bridge at Montereau, by instigation, as is supposed, of Charles, in revenge for the murder of Lewis, duke of Orleans. But it is more probable that Du Châtel was himself the instigator of the Dauphin to sanction the act.

P. 24. "*Then, says he, the band
Of amity is severed ere 'twas joined.*"

"Dann sei der Bund zertrennt, noch eh' er anfang."

A mode of expression not strict, but intelligible and energetic.
"Leave off contention before it be meddled with."—*Prov.* xvii. 4.

"*It was the coronation festival,*" &c.

The proclamation of King Henry had taken place at Paris before this period, and the French nobles did homage on that occasion. His coronation did not take place until after that of Charles at Rheims. Southey has the same anachronism:

"In Paris now
The invader triumph'd. On an infant's head
Had Bedford placed the crown of Charlemagne,
And factious nobles bow'd the subject knee,
And own'd an English infant for their king,
False to their own liege lord."

Joan of Arc, b. iii. v. 106 seq.

P. 27. "*Full twenty years my sire in frenzy pined ;
Three elder brothers death hath mown away.*"

The king's insanity continued about thirty years. It was first discovered when he was on his way to avenge on Peter de Craon the murder of the constable de Clisson ; on which occasion the king struck down, and, as some affirm, killed several of his own attendants. Charles VII. had but two elder brothers ; the Dauphin Lewis, the eldest, died at the age of nineteen ; John, the second son, died about the same age two years after.

"*We will betake ourselves beyond the Loire.*"

It was the intention of Charles to retire into Dauphiny, which is on the same side of the Loire with Chinon ; and the passage of the Loire would have placed the court in greater danger. This, therefore, must be considered an instance of "*quandoque bonus dormitat.*" *The Rhone* would have expressed Schiller's meaning better.

P. 28. "*Shall I, then, let the sword divide my child,
Like that unnatural mother of old fame ?*"

"Soll ich, gleich jener unnatürlichen Mutter,
Mein Kind zertheilen lassen mit dem Schwert ?"

The allusion is evident ; but there was no "unnatural mother" concerned in the appeal to Solomon. The original, however, is strictly followed.

P. 31. "*Here is my head ! oft in the battle-field
Have I adventured it for thee, and now
For thee with joy I lay it on the block.*"

" 'I too,' Tanneguy replied,
'In the field of battle once again, perchance,
May serve my royal master ; in his cause
My youth adventur'd much ; nor can my age
Find better close, than, in the clang of arms,
To die for him whom I have lived to serve.' "

SOUTHEY'S *Joan of Arc*, b. iii. v. 50 seq.

P. 33. "*We had enlisted sixteen companies,*" &c.

Joan had performed no military exploit before her introduction to Charles.

P. 35. "*She comes! Dunois, take thou our place awhile,*" &c.

"*Ch.* Go, call her in; but, first, to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as dauphin in my place:
Question her proudly; let thy looks be stern:
By this means we shall sound what skill she hath.

Enter La Pucelle.

Reign. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?

Puc. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dauphin? come, come from behind:
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd; there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart;
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile."

First Part of King Henry VI., Act i. sc. 3.

P. 36. "*Dauphin, attend!*"

The maid always addressed Charles as "*Dauphin,*" until after his coronation at Rheims.

P. 37. "*Most reverend lord, Joanna is my name.*"

The reader is reminded, by the character of this speech, of Norval's well-known speech in "*Douglas.*" It is an amplification of the writer of the *First Part of King Henry VI.*

"Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter;
My wit untrained in any kind of art.
Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleased
To shine on my contemptible estate.
Lo, while I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's Mother deignèd to appear to me,
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid she promis'd, and assured success;
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
That beauty am I blest with, which you see."

First Part of King Henry VI., Act i. sc. 2.

P. 40. "*Send to the ancient city of Fierbois,*" &c.

"I am prepar'd; here is my keen-edg'd sword,
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;
The which at Touraine, in St. Katharine's churchyard,
Out of a deal of old iron I chose forth."

First Part of King Henry VI., Act i. sc. 2.

P. 42. "*The Maiden's message.*"

The speech which follows is almost a translation of a letter said to have been written by Joan to the king of England and his generals, and which is preserved in De Serres. So, too, Southey:

" 'Go,' the Virgin cried;
 ' Say to the lord of Salisbury, and the chiefs
 Of England, Suffolk, Fastolfe, Talbot, Scales,
 Invaders of the country, say, thus says
 The Maid of Orleans: With your troops retire
 In peace. Of every captured town the keys
 Restore to Charles; so bloodless you may seek
 Your native island; for the God of Hosts
 Thus hath decreed. To Charles the rightful heir,
 By long descent, and by the willing choice
 Of duteous subjects, hath the Lord assign'd
 The kingdom. In his name the Virgin comes
 Arm'd with the sword, yet not of mercy void.
 Depart in peace: for ere the morrow dawns
 Victorious upon yonder wall shall wave
 Her holy banner."

SOUTHEY'S *Joan of Arc*, b. vi. v. 163.

P. 45. "*Who bridged the pathway for you to this kingdom?*"

" Wer bahnte Euch den Weg in dieses Reich?"

The translator could find no more appropriate word than that which was suggested to him by a line of a writer to whom the literature of our time is deeply indebted:—

" And bridg'd the path of Reason to the skies."

SMEDLEY'S *Lux Renata*.

P. 47. "*All England, though her universal force
 Should inundate our shores, would nought avail
 This realm to vanquish, were it but united;
 France only can be conqueror of France.*"

" This England never did, nor never shall,
 Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
 But when it first did help to wound itself.

* * * * *
 Come the three corners of the world in arms,
 And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
 If England to herself do rest but true."

SHAKSP. *King John*, Act v. sc. 7.

P. 56. "*Leave me the light of life! accept a ransom!*" &c.

Ζωγρεῖτ', αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν ἐμὲ λύσομαι· ἔστι γὰρ ἔνδον
 χαλκός τε, χρυσός τε, πολέμμητός τε σίδηρος·
 τῶν χ' ὑμῖν χαρίσατο πατὴρ ἀπέρεισι ἄποινα
 εἰ κεν ἐμὲ ζῶον πεπύθοιτ' ἐπὶ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν.

HOM. *Il.* x. 378 seq.

The whole conception of this scene is Greek ; and the metre in the German is intended to be an accentual representation of the Iambic trimeter acatalectic. But it would sound strangely and inharmoniously in English ; and therefore the ordinary measure has been continued in the translation.

P. 62. "*Imperious need
Brings us not, Burgundy, before thy feet,*" &c.

Schiller follows the author of the First Part of King Henry VI. in making Joan reconcile Burgundy to Charles. The conversation, which is curious, as shewing Schiller's originality even in imitation, will be found at length in Act iii. scene iii. of that play. But in truth, this reconciliation had no connexion with the Maiden, and did not take place until after her death. The terms of the treaty of Arras, by which the alliance was settled, were deeply humiliating to Charles, and are very imperfectly detailed by Schiller. Among others, Charles was bound to deliver up the assassins of John the Fearless, or, if not within his dominions, to outlaw them. In this sentence Du Châtel was of course included.

P. 69. "*How soon
Is it forgotten now that even this duke
Was he who slew their fathers and their sons !
One moment has atoned a life of wrong !*"

"The service done by the Duke of Burgundy to France, in making a separate peace, greatly outweighed, in the opinion of the French historians, all his proceedings against her. This has made them very cautious in their expressions before the treaty of Arras, for fear their language should not agree with what they had to say afterwards. But, after this happy peace, they have extolled to the skies his goodness, wisdom, and probity. This, however, was the man who, for the sake of revenge, had ruined France, and found no other way to repair the fault but by a notorious treachery to England."—*Rapin*, book xii. A. D. 1435.

P. 75. "*Pride only can conduct it to its fall ;
And from mean hovels, whence to thee of late
Deliverance issued, lurking Desolation
Threatens thy guilt-defiled posterity !*"

It is scarcely necessary to indicate the event in the poet's eye—the first revolution in France ; an event which, though, in its im-

mediate effects, it bore heavily on an innocent family, was engendered by unchristian habits and antichristian doctrines in the courts of their predecessors.

*" Yet shall a Hand from high
Soon bar its haughty progress : but fear not
The downfall of thy house. In a high dame
Thy line lives brightening on," &c.*

The male line of Burgundy became extinct in the person of Charles the Rash, son of Philip the Good. Mary, daughter of this Charles, was married to the Emperor Maximilian. The issue of this marriage was Philip the Fair, duke of Austria, who, marrying Joanna, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Castile, succeeded to the throne of Spain under the name of Philip I. His son was the emperor Charles V.

P. 77. *" And thou shalt bear the lilies in thy coat."*

The arms of Joan, given her when she was ennobled, were, Azure, a sword in pale, argent, passing through the royal crown of France, between two fleurs-de-lys, or.

P. 82. *" Scene VI." &c.*

Schiller follows, again, the author of *" The First Part of King Henry VI."* in placing Talbot's death during the successes of the Maiden; though the English tragedian is more correct in making this event take place before Bourdeaux, which it did, about fifteen years after this period.

P. 110. *" Her father ! Ay, her sorrow-stricken father !"*

The curious reader may contrast this scene with *" The First Part of King Henry VI.,"* Act v. scene iv.

P. 111. *" Here by all saints in heaven I thee adjure."*

The adjuration, in the original, is in the Highest Name. The translator is sensible that he has weakened the force of his author; but, even at this cost, he declines any sanction of such introductions into works of fiction.

P. 125. "*Her flight in Arden wood.*"

The orthography of Shakspeare, as more English, and thus highly sanctioned, is here followed, instead of *Ardennes*, which Schiller retains.

P. 132. "*He grasped the pillars of his prison-house.*"

Such is the opinion of some commentators ; though the house destroyed by Samson is generally thought to have been the temple of Dagon. The whole of this speech is in the original a prayer, which, for reasons above stated, the translator has ventured to recast.

P. 136. "*A roseate gleam spreads widening o'er the sky !*"

A stage-direction has been incorporated into the text, where it appears to the translator more effective.

The End.

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